THE LIVING AGE

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for February, 1936

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THE GUIDE POST

THE old maxim that 'trade follows the flag' has in recent years been made to read 'the flag follows trade,' and if the new version is not strictly true of Japan and Italy, it may very well prove true of Germany in Central Europe. Such, at least, appears to be the conclusion one must draw from the three articles which open this issue of THE LIVING AGE.

THE first of these, by an anonymous correspondent of the *New Statesman and Nation*, reveals the industrial source of Germany's new *Drang nach Osten*, and some of the economic steps that have been taken to put it into effect. If Germany succeeds, says the article, she will become the predominant power not only in European but in international politics. [p. 480]

NEXT the Paris correspondent of the *Journal de Genève* reports on the pan-Germanism which the Wilhelmstrasse is fostering in France, apparently as part of the same scheme for domination of Central Europe that the Ruhr industrialists are pressing on the economic front. The idea, says 'P. B.,' is to manœuvre France into a position of isolation and impotence, and thus get *carte blanche* for moving on toward the east. [p. 484]

NOR is this all. Behind Germany's diplomats and her industrialists stands the army, and that army grows larger and more threatening every day. An editorial taken from the *Neue Tage-Buch*, a leading German émigré weekly, gives the figures and speculates on the probable outcome. When German trade has penetrated to the borders of the Balkans, will Hitler's marching legions follow? [p. 486]

WILL there be civil war in France this year? And, if so, which side will win, the reactionary National Leagues, or the Popular Front of liberals and radicals? These are questions which a recent special issue of the French topical weekly, *Vu*, attempts to answer. We translate this month its appraisal of the fighting strength of the Leagues, and next month we expect to give its estimate of the power of the Front Populaire. It is interesting to note that *Vu* speaks of 'the coming civil war' as though it were inevitable. [p. 489]

SANCTIONS are very much the order of the day at Geneva, and it is pertinent at this point to inquire just how sincere the effort to apply them against Italy has been. Mr. Francis Delaisi, the French economist and author of *La Bataille d'or*, whose article on the Bank of France appeared in the September issue of THE LIVING AGE, examines the case for including oil in the products whose export to Italy is forbidden, and comes to the conclusion that, though the present sanctions are severe, it is oil and oil alone which can turn the scales decisively one way or the other. [p. 494]

A VERY different view is that of Mr. Francis Williams, financial editor of the Laborite London *Daily Herald*. Mr. Williams examines the list of forbidden products and finds so many serious omissions besides that of oil that he is forced to condemn the whole thing as a sham. [p. 497]

'THE tourist typhoon which has descended upon Mexico from the United States,' says Mr. V. F. Calverton, 'has made the Mexican Indian more capitalist-conscious than ever before in his history. The question is whether that typhoon, as it increases in volume and intensity, will be able to root out habits of mind developed through the centuries.' And the answer is that it is already doing so, and rapidly. [p. 509]

(*Continued on page 558*)

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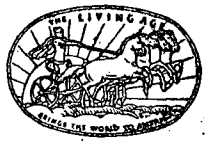
THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844



February, 1936 *Volume 349, Number 4433*

The World Over

BY THE TIME this issue of the magazine reaches our readers, the chances are that Premier Laval's Cabinet will have fallen. Yet there are good reasons to believe that nothing of great importance will happen in France until March or April, just before or just after the elections to the Chamber in which the Popular Front seems morally certain to increase its strength. What has held Laval up so long? To answer this question is to throw a good deal of light on the French situation as a whole. The fear of currency inflation kept him in office through 1935 and long enough to pass his 1936 budget. His half-hearted suppression of the Fascist leagues and the arrest of a minor Fascist—or, rather, Francist—leader in Strasbourg have kept some Radicals faithful to the coalition.

Indeed, certain Radicals outdo Laval himself in 'buttering up' the Fascists. M. Paganon, who holds the key Cabinet post of Minister of the Interior that the Radicals automatically occupy in any government, infuriated his Communist comrades in the Popular Front by requesting Colonel de La Rocque, head of the Croix de Feu, to keep law and order in Algiers. This episode shows how far collaboration between the Laval government and the Fascists has gone. Finally, the Radicals dread the prospect of accepting power, and at least partial responsibility, themselves, in association with the Communists and Socialists. The Popular Front has waged a successful defensive campaign against Fascism. Its inevitable, ultimate arrival in power may tell another story.

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AT THE SAME TIME that France faces civil war on the domestic front, its colonial empire has become an object of concern. Albert de Pouverville, writing in *L'Europe Nouvelle*, justifies the extent of his country's colonial possessions by calling attention to the colonies of other nations. France has 65 million colonials to 41 million Frenchmen, and the soil of France covers 550,000 square kilometres in Europe as compared with 9 million square kilometres of colonial territory. Belgium, on the other hand, has a colonial empire eighty times more extensive than the motherland and slightly more populous. Holland's colonies have eight times as many inhabitants as the Netherlands and are sixty times as large. The British Empire is eighty times as big as the British Isles and its population outnumbers that of Britain eight and one-half to one. Why, then, ask the French, should they not continue to build harbors, railways, roads, and many other services for their colonials? The answer is to be found in the trade figures. France has developed her colonies only at the expense of other nations' trade, and these nations naturally do not like it. Between 1927 and 1935 French imports from the United States, Argentina, Australia, India, and China have been cut in two, while in the same period imports from the French colonies have doubled. At first glance this might seem all to the good as far as France is concerned; the trouble is, though, that French exports to foreign countries have declined both relatively and absolutely. In 1927, for instance, Great Britain, Belgium, and Germany took 45 per cent of all French exports; during the first nine months of 1935 they took only 28 per cent. Not only is French industry losing foreign markets to the more efficient factories of Japan, Germany, and the United States, but the Bank of France has complicated matters still further by clinging to the gold standard and thus handicapping French exporters, who cannot compete with the depreciated pound, dollar, and yen. In other words, France has sacrificed world trade in order to increase colonial trade, a policy that could be justified only if the French colonial empire were self-supporting —which it most emphatically is not!

THOUGH SIR SAMUEL HOARE has been sacrificed on the altar of public opinion, and the youthful and idealistic Anthony Eden has taken over his job at the Foreign Office, the policy of the National Government is not likely to change materially in the months to come. At least that is the view of the more radical of the opposition parties in England itself. According to them, the National Government can be counted upon to continue to sabotage the League of Nations, to keep sanctions harmless, and to use the present crisis as an excuse for even more intensive rearmament. The Foreign Office will keep on working for a new European balance of power in which Britain will be dominant. Germany will be

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strengthened and, according to some reports, will be offered an anti-Soviet alliance by July. France will be weaned away from the Soviet pact, America played off against Japan. A final effort will be made to unite the western capitalist nations against the Soviet Union.

Needless to say, the British Foreign Office, like all diplomatic agencies, never shows its hand. Also, it is equally needless to point out that if the Die-Hard Tories do attempt to put some such program through, they are by no means assured of success.

AFTER THREE YEARS in power the Nazis are beginning to revolt against the financial dictatorship of Dr. Schacht who, since January, 1933, has been the real 'man behind Hitler.' Dr. Schacht's financial policy contains several novel elements. With a negligible gold reserve he has actually deflated the German currency and produced many of the same results that deflation brought forth in the United States in 1932 and in France in 1935. Although France remains firmly on the gold standard, twice as much currency is circulating in that country as in Germany, and in terms of currency per capita this means three times as much, for the population of Germany is 50 per cent greater than that of France. At the same time, however, Dr. Schacht has set in motion a vast credit inflation. By October, 1935, the German national debt had increased by 9½ billion marks since the day that Hitler came to power. And this does not include the borrowings for direct relief, which bring the total increase up to 15 billion marks. This constant government borrowing has driven prices steadily upward because it has not been based on a gold reserve or any real wealth whatever.

In consequence, many of the Nazi leaders are rebelling against Schacht and are urging new policies. Rudolf Hess, for instance, who bears the title of *Stellvertreter*, or Substitute Leader, has indorsed an amazing new book entitled *The Fight for International Trade*, which sets forth the views of the anti-Schacht faction. The author, Albrecht Forstmann, who is Hess's economic expert, points out that under Schacht Germany is now unable to buy sufficient raw materials from abroad to keep her factories going. He advocates devaluing the mark to one-third of its present value, and suggests that the German workers can be persuaded to accept the consequent rise in prices by a slight increase in wages or by working twelve hours a day in exchange for a straight 50 per cent wage increase. Whether the Schacht or the Hess faction carries the day, the German worker stands to lose.

THE BRAZILIAN REVOLUTION may have failed to come off, but it did what no European statesman has accomplished: it brought about a united front between Nationalist France and Nazi Germany. The *Temps*,

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of Paris, semi-official organ of the foreign office, and property of the Comité des Forges, drew comparisons between Brazil's *Allianca National Libertadora* and the *Front Populaire*. Both, according to the *Temps*, emphasize their opposition to war and Fascism, and both execute the orders of Moscow. Only last summer the world congress Comintern learned that a revolutionary situation existed in Brazil and that the time had arrived to summon the masses to armed insurrection. 'We thus see,' pointed out the *Temps*, 'that the Third International would like to universalize as much as possible the spread of disorder and civil war to foreign countries as the first step toward world revolution, which remains its supreme and immutable goal.'

On the same day that the citizens of Paris were reading these words, the citizens of Berlin found the same message in the *Berliner Tageblatt*. This minor difference, however, did appear: the German writer accused France of helping Moscow to promote world revolution and cited the influence that Rousseau had on Brazil over a century ago, when the country broke loose from Portugal. 'A certain class of Brazilian intellectuals,' says the *Tageblatt*, 'go so far as to regard the Paris-Moscow pact as a modern equivalent of the French Revolution.' Needless to say, the *Temps* and its wealthy proprietors would reject this interpretation with disdain. On the larger issue, however, of opposing the Soviet Union and the Popular Front the governing cliques in France and Germany find themselves in full agreement.

THE BALTIC STATES rank second only to the Balkans as potential trouble-breeders in Europe. Like the Balkan nations they cannot lead an independent or even a united existence; each is subordinate to a different Great Power. The visit of Poland's Foreign Minister, Colonel Beck, to Helsingfors in November confirmed the suspicion that Finland, long a seat of reaction, had joined the German-Polish bloc. Lithuania, on the other hand, resents Germany's efforts to take over the city of Memel, and has never forgiven Poland for seizing the city of Wilna shortly after the war. In consequence, Lithuania is much more inclined to look for support from the Soviet Union. Esthonia, which lies between Finland and Latvia, leans toward Finland and the German alliance; Latvia, on the other hand, is more friendly toward Lithuania and the Soviets. Economically, Lithuania, Latvia, and Esthonia, which in September, 1934, formed the Baltic bloc, depend on the British market for their export trade, and Britain, in turn, depends on them and their combined armed forces of 600,000 men to prevent either Germany or Russia from monopolizing the Baltic and swinging the three Scandinavian states, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, out of the British field of influence.

In this contest Finland plays a crucial rôle, and her conservative

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government was quite embarrassed not long ago when three Social-Democratic Ministers, representing the three Scandinavian nations, visited Helsingfors and had to be treated politely. Apprehensive Communists all over the world are watching this confused situation with particular attention, because from it may come that great European crusade against the Soviet Union that Moscow has feared since October, 1917.

WHILE THE OIL MAGNATES OF the Great Powers oppose sanctions against Italy on the ground that they will be ruined, the lowly lumber-workers of Yugoslavia suffer real privation. In normal times Yugoslavia, especially Slovenia, exports more than half its lumber and charcoal to Italy. Today, as a consequence of sanctions, Yugoslav lumber exports have declined 75 per cent since 1934. In human terms, this means that 60,000 people have lost their jobs and that whole villages which never knew anything but poverty are reduced to complete destitution. Agriculture has also felt the effect of sanctions. The wheat trade has come to a complete standstill, and in one of the chief grain centers the fall harvest has remained unsold. Cattle dealers are also suffering ruin, and it is cold comfort for the penniless Yugoslav peasant to know that if he did have any money he could buy meat for slightly more than half last year's price. In the face of such conditions, Yugoslavia's ancient anti-Italian grudge is rapidly moderating, and the Slovene papers are demanding an end to sanctions.

IT LOOKS AS IF 1935 will prove to have been the first year since 1918 when Japanese imports did not exceed exports. Japan's domination of the Asiatic textile market continues, and England's textile exports remain in second place for the third successive year, although they still dominate the European market. In addition to increasing its exports during 1935, Japan also reduced its imports, partly because the United States Government delayed its loans to cotton farmers so long that they could not sell as much of their crop as usual to Japan. Meanwhile Japanese industry is booming. Mr. Ginjiro Fujiwara, president of a big paper company and one of the leading business men in Japan, attributes the country's progress to its foreign trade:—

> 'Some people,' he says, 'maintain that Japan's prosperity is the result of inflation and others attribute it to the boom in the munitions industry. While I do not deny that these two factors have had a tremendous effect in restoring prosperity, I am inclined to think that the fundamental reason for the improvement is the steady increase in foreign trade, and particularly of exports.'

The one cause for anxiety that he detects is to be found in social and economic unrest.

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UNDER THE SIGNATURE OF '*L'Observateur*,' an anonymous contributor to the American-owned *China Weekly Review* of Shanghai writes a long editorial insisting that Britain definitely declared economic war on Japan when China abandoned the silver standard. The presence on the scene of Sir Frederick Leith-Ross of the British Treasury lent substance to this view.

Also, the Japanese press has protested against England's interference in Asiatic affairs. The *Asahi* of Tokyo, the local equivalent of the *New York Times*, goes so far as to describe Britain's interference in Chinese monetary policy as less important than certain other activities:—

> Of more vital importance than Chinese finances is that Great Britain should understand the significance of the reawakening and development of all Asiatic races—Japanese, Chinese, Siamese, and others. Japan is a growing nation, and it would be natural for both her goods and her emigrants to find their way into British dominions. Australia, New Zealand and Canada are, however, closed to immigration, and these and other British possessions have adopted restrictions upon Japanese exports.
>
> Unavoidably Japan has turned to Manchukuo and China, but here Britain is also moving to limit Japan's activities in the name of the 'open door,' 'equal opportunity,' 'joint aid for China,' and 'Anglo-Japanese coöperation in China.'
>
> As long as Great Britain maintains this policy, she will find herself in conflict with the reawakening and development of Asiatic races, and promotion of international peace will be difficult unless Britain is willing to give a free hand to the activities of these races.

Hochi, another important Tokyo daily, called for a virtual Japanese monopoly of China's trade:—

> Because of the restrictions upon Japanese goods in British Imperial markets, Japan must henceforth look to China as her chief market, thus emphasizing the fundamental differences of the interests of the two countries in China, and the difficulty of economic coöperation here.

Here is what still another Japanese paper, *Kokumin*, representing the more popular press, has to say about British diplomacy:—

> Britain has nothing to do with North China. For it to step in would be entirely unnecessary. Nothing could be more crafty or wily than British diplomacy. Even the Soviet Union cannot help playing into British hands, and at present Britain wants to manipulate it. In the United States, the anti-Japanese demonstrations are largely the result of British instigation. British capital exercises great influence over American newspapers. When anything important takes place in the Orient, Britain manœuvres the United States and the Soviet Union into assuming an attitude of antagonism toward Japan.

'*L'Observateur*' concludes his observation with the statement that Sir Frederick Leith-Ross has drawn first blood, but that Japan has only begun to fight back. But the more cautious and conservative Japanese

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do not relish the prospect of battling the British Empire. They still urge coöperation.

ACCORDING, however, to the *Far Eastern Review*, a Japanese-subsidized monthly edited by George Bronson Rea, and published in Shanghai, Tokyo fears Moscow far more than it does London. A contributor to this mouthpiece of Japanese policy writes as follows:—

> While the Japanese may view with no impulse to interfere, and with equanimity, all the unfolding drama of civil warfare, political commotion, and the misery and disorder that enter into the normal routine of life in China, there is an alien element that has won footing in the land, which they abhor and which quickens fear in their breasts. This is the communism fostered by Moscow. Any effective intrusion into Chinese affairs of this element, it may be taken as certain, will galvanize Japan into action. It works automatically. It is the single 'Thou shalt not' of their credo in Cathay. Merely a whisper that something of this nature is taking shape in the present situation has been heard, but this has been enough to send vibrations rippling through every portion of the Japanese alignment in China and back into Tokyo.
>
> What is being said in this connection may be, and perhaps is, merely a phase of the current domestic political unrest, the shrewd thrust of one Chinese clique jockeying for place against another clique. It may be something more sinister. The most disturbing factor in this particular matter is that it seems to mark a trail leading directly through high official ranks into the camp of the Generalissimo, which implies, of course, that it carries the sanction of military support.

Recalling General Chiang Kai-shek's six campaigns against the Communists, whom he has opposed much more vigorously than he ever did the Japanese, one rubs one's eyes in amazement. Nevertheless, the *Far Eastern Review* insists that many important Nationalist leaders, especially one of Chiang's most intimate advisers, are secretly in league with Moscow. The strategic northward retreat of the Communist armies is also taken as proof that joint Russian-Chinese military action against Japan is on the cards. The editorial closes with the statement that while Litvinov is manœuvring to keep the peace in Europe, other Communist leaders are preparing for war in Asia. And now that Moscow has begun to coöperate with French capitalists, there is at last a precedent for collaboration in Asia with the renegade Chiang Kai-shek.

THE VOTERS OF NEW ZEALAND have recently repudiated a National Coalition government that, during its four years in office, duplicated many of the measures that Britain's National Government applied in the mother country. The two governments came into office under similar circumstances. In 1931 New Zealand's budget faced an 8 million pound deficit, the farmers were bankrupt, and unemployment was mounting. Elected to carry out a 'blank check' policy, the National

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Government kept the currency at an artificially high level, against the advice of the banks and the Finance Minister, who resigned in protest. It virtually compelled a 20 per cent cut in state bond issues; it reduced mortgage interest and rents, cut wages and salaries, eliminated many provisions calling for compulsory arbitration of labor disputes, and imposed heavy taxes. This stringent program did deliver the goods: unemployment declined from 79,000 in September, 1933, to 58,000 two years later; the farmers cleared expenses again; the budget was balanced; the floating debt eliminated the public debt and reduced private interest rates; and wages and pensions finally rose a little. But the country rebelled. Two opposition parties, one Democrat, the other Labor, turned the recent election into a three-cornered affair in which the Democrats split the anti-Labor vote with the National Coalition, thus installing in office a Labor Government committed to the following program:—

> To assume control of public credit and establish a national credit authority whose duty it will be to provide a money service sufficient to give effect to the will of Parliament.
>
> To reëstablish all able-bodied workers in industries, public works, and services.
>
> To guarantee economic prices to farmers and others who are producing in accordance with the Dominion's requirements.
>
> To readjust mortgages on the basis of guaranteed prices beginning at the average of prices ruling during the past eight or 10 years.

Not only is this New Zealand's first Labor Government; it is the first time that a labor party anywhere has taken over a substantial part of Major C. A. Douglas's Social Credit platform, which regards the nationalization of credit as a panacea. It is too early to say what effect the new government will have on New Zealand's foreign policy in the period of increasing tension in the Pacific that lies ahead, but, to judge from the record of labor leaders in other countries, they will not shirk their share of the White Man's Burden.

JUST WHAT THIS MEANS to the natives under New Zealand's heel is related by a Samoan in a recent issue of the *Philippine Magazine*. At the conclusion of the World War four of the Samoan Islands, Upolu, Savaii, Manono, and Apolima, were taken from Germany and mandated to New Zealand. The result has been continual conflict between government and people ever since. The natives complain that taxes have been doubled since German times, that the police force, formerly native, is now made up of undesirables shipped from New Zealand, that native leaders and agitators are jailed and exiled on flimsy pretexts, and that the government is high-handed and blundering and has 'brought a prosperous paradise to poverty and bankruptcy' by its policies.

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But what chiefly rankles in the minds of all Samoans is the memory of 'Black Saturday,' a day whose events vividly recall similar happenings under the Machado government in Cuba. To defend themselves against the injustices they believed they were suffering at the hands of New Zealand, the natives banded together in an organization called the Mau (We Hold Together). This organization demanded that government expenses be lessened, that the police force be reduced, and that personal taxes be lowered. Instead of granting their demands, the government met them with even harsher measures than before. Numerous Mau leaders were exiled to distant islands or sent to New Zealand to serve sentences of hard labor in the white man's jails. And when white men expressed sympathy for the natives' cause, they were exiled too.

To welcome back from exile two of these champions of theirs, the Samoans arranged a procession. Permission to hold the parade was obtained from the chief of police, and food, strings of seeds and flowers, and many bowls of *kava*, the native drink, were prepared for the occasion. But as the procession reached the courthouse square, rapid rifle fire issued from the balcony of that building, and in the confusion which followed dozens of natives were killed, and dozens more received wounds from which they subsequently died.

That was on December 27, 1930, a date which Samoans have since commemorated yearly by the wearing of black. Two years before, they appealed to the League of Nations to have their islands returned to Germany or, failing that, annexed to the United States. But their appeal was naturally turned down. 'In the humble mind of the South Sea native,' says the author of the *Philippine Magazine* article, 'the League of Nations is a deplorable farce.'

Here, surely, is a golden opportunity for the Germans, who are looking for arguments on which to base a case for the return of their colonies.

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Here are three timely articles on the German plans for expansion; the first, by an Englishman, reveals the economic forces behind them; the second, by a Swiss, gives details of the scheme to weaken France; and the third, by a German émigré, tells of Hitler's new army.

The German Empire *of* Tomorrow

East to the Euxine

I. The Expansion of Germany

By A Correspondent

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London Independent Weekly of the Left

THE policy of every government in Germany, whether monarchic, democratic or Fascist, has always to a very large extent been dictated by the requirements of certain great industries. It is merely the manner and speed of their realization that varies with the form of government. Today the most active and powerful group influencing the policy is the so-called 'Northwest Group,' and a special organization, the 'Langnamverein,' which has its headquarters in Düsseldorf. It represents the interests of the Rhineland and Westphalia, especially armaments and heavy industry. ['Langnamverein' means Long-Name-Organization, and is so called because it includes a number of industrial organizations whose proper collective name is too long to be used.] The 'Langnamverein' has established an unofficial embassy under the name of the 'Bureau of the Central European Economic Association' in the Lützowufer district of Berlin. Its official head is Baron von Wilmovsky, a son-in-law of the German armament king, Krupp of Essen, and its business manager is Dr. Max Hahn, the former political chief of the

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'Langnamverein.' This Bureau, together with its various branch organizations and activities, is notoriously financed from Düsseldorf.

While the Central European Economic Association works unobtrusively but methodically to establish relations of 'a purely economic nature' with foreign countries, an associated publishing and publicity concern, the subsidized *Volk und Reich*, volubly and repeatedly demands the formation of a Central European bloc, which is to comprise Holland, Germany, Luxemburg, with the Flemish part of Belgium and Switzerland as the western frontier, to reach on the east the Riga-Odessa line (familiar in the days of the War), and in the southeast to include the whole sweep of the former Austro-Hungarian Empire down in the Balkans. This paper, *Volk und Reich*, whose special correspondent on economic and political questions is Dr. Max Hahn, the mouthpiece of the Düsseldorf heavy industry, has been carrying on its Central European propaganda for the last ten years.

In 1931 *Volk und Reich* printed a map accompanied by an article giving particulars of the proposed Central European bloc, and estimating the population at 220 millions. In another column it pointed out that in this way a first-class economic and political force would be created which would be without rival in Europe, and which would be in a position to challenge the great powers of Russia, the United States of America, and the British Empire. This Central European bloc, having a sufficient supply of raw material, would be practically immune from aggression, and, being a purely European Power, would be independent of supplies from overseas. It would, therefore, be able to avoid the mistakes of the pre-War German colonial policy, which directed German expansion towards territories that in a war could not be defended and were consequently lost to Germany.

It may be objected that all this is fantastic, and that Germany would never seriously attempt the impossible —which at first glance these schemes appear to be. But it is a fact that the Central European Association and the *Volk und Reich* are being liberally supplied with funds by an industry which does not waste its money on chimerical projects. The extent of the stakes corresponds to the hope they have of a return. The schemes become rather more credible when we observe certain other activities of these interests and consider them in relation to the foreign policy of the Reich. Here is a striking illustration of the political maxim: 'The merchant clears the road for the politician.'

II

The first great campaign prepared by the Central European Association was a plan for a tariff union between Germany and Austria in 1931. This plan was prepared by the Vereinigte Stahlwerke in Düsseldorf, which a few years previously had secured control of the largest and most important mining concern of Austria, by obtaining 51 per cent of the shares of the Alpine-Montangesellschaft. The German arms industry wished to ensure their supplies of ore from the Styrian mines (the chief source of supply), while the official German policy of expansion toward a Central European

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bloc needed Austria as a door through which to exercise its influence on the southeast. The plan for a tariff union proved a failure, but it is now hoped that the same purpose may be achieved by the 'conquest' of Austria. Through the Alpine-Montangesellschaft Dr. Hahn obtained at enormous expense a powerful measure of influence over the Styrian Heimatschutz, and, with the help of Neubacher, his agent in Vienna, who has often been mentioned as a Nazi leader in Austria, forced this military organization to go over to the Nazi camp. In the meantime in Berlin Hitler had come into power, and with this trump card it seemed as if there would be no difficulty now in establishing a Nazi Government in Austria which would actively support the plans of the German arms industry for a Central European bloc. These plans, too, were doomed to failure. But Berlin and Düsseldorf have not given up hope of one day capturing control of Austria, either by a direct attack or by a process of political and economic isolation. The latter plan is being pursued at present. This is demonstrated by Germany's relations with Poland, Hungary, and Yugoslavia, by which Czechoslovakia and Austria are to be cut off from the East.

The German-Polish alliance was supposed to free the Reich from the isolation consequent upon Germany's leaving the League of Nations. It was also expected to result in a closer economic coöperation and to enable Germany to secure her supplies of raw materials, especially grain and timber. By intensifying anti-Russian and anti-Czechoslovakian feeling, Poland was to be brought more and more on to the side of Germany, and Poland's desire for expansion directed towards Slovakia. We cannot say yet to what extent these hopes will be realized. In any case, German-Polish coöperation means a step further on the road toward the realization of the Central European bloc.

The coöperation between Germany and Hungary is meanwhile being conducted along different lines, and has already shown considerable results. The great German concerns (Textile, Fertilizer, I. G. Farben) have obtained control of enormous tracts of lands in Hungary, partly by lease, partly by concessions. Certain raw materials, mainly oil and fiber plants, are being cultivated here in such quantities that they can only find a market in Germany. In this way Germany has paved the way for a close economic coöperation, which will extend in the future, and is forcing Hungary into what amounts to political dependence on the Reich. In addition, the Reich has recently made efforts to gain control of the immense bauxite wealth in Hungary, since Germany herself does not possess any raw materials for the manufacture of light metals (aluminum). While Germany, through her spokesman Dr. Schacht, the Governor of the Reichsbank, and by her own attitude regarding the question of the repayment of her debts, is perpetually stressing the scarcity of foreign currency in Germany, she is oddly enough able to find the necessary amount of foreign currency for these schemes. Germany today is the chief buyer of Hungarian products. In this way she hopes, slowly but surely, to obtain a foothold on the Danube behind Austria's back, and so to achieve another step toward her ultimate aim of a Central European bloc.

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The German-Yugoslav friendship, begun so enthusiastically two years ago, was also entered upon as an economic alliance, and here the Central European Association has shown a special activity. It may be remembered that the president of the Central European Association, Baron von Wilmovsky, gave a banquet after the completion of the first negotiations in Berlin, at which he greeted German-Yugoslav coöperation as the first step in an association which was destined to establish the Central European bloc in opposition to the Italian Danube plans and to the policy of the Western European countries. The hoped-for results of the Berlin-Belgrade alliance did not, however, materialize. France was successful in nipping her ally's digression in the bud.

III

Last summer Germany hoped, by some still unexplained and surprising means, to bring about a favorable trade agreement with Rumania—an agreement which was to procure German capital, which had suddenly appeared from nowhere, an interest in the Rumanian oil industry. Germany needs petrol and oil in quantities which cannot be procured either in Germany or from the Polish wells in Galicia; hence the persistent endeavor to gain a foothold in Rumania, where an understanding between the Nazis and the Rumanian right-wing organizations had already been established. In this connection it may be mentioned that certain leaders of the Rumanian Right (Iron Guard) can boast of having negotiated with Hitler personally. In spite of the admirable tactics used to bring about the German-Rumanian trade agreement, there was a last-minute counter attack by M. Titulescu, the Rumanian Foreign Minister, backed by France. Before the German trade delegation had reached Berlin on their way back from Bucharest, they read in the newspapers that the Rumanian Minister of Trade had resigned overnight, that the German-Rumanian trade pact would not be ratified, and that France, by buying up all the available oil resources, had checked a German encroachment. Thus the spectacular attempt at incorporating Rumania in the sphere of German power temporarily failed. It is interesting to note that none of these plans includes Czechoslovakia, and that there has been a visible slackening of German economic pressure in Czechoslovakia. This reinforces the common impression that German policy is working for the liquidation of Czechoslovakia. Yet Czechoslovakia, the political center of the Little Entente, and its most active member, is a formidable opponent, especially in view of her alliances with France and Russia. The Nazis doubtless welcome the fact that Poland, for whatever insignificant reasons, has used the question of Teschen to provoke a Polish-Czechoslovakian dispute.

One thing is clear: Germany and German industry have for years, and at great expense, persistently cherished this plan of a Central European bloc. The vast sums of money which have been invested in the scheme forces German policy to continue its course. Germany is out to establish a self-contained bloc extending from the French border and the North Sea down to the Black Sea and the Dvina; she is, in fact, out to conquer—this time

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by different means—the territory occupied by the troops of the Central Powers during the years 1917 and 1918.

Should Germany succeed, she will not only have made up for the defeat of the Great War; she will have secured a position so strong as to make her the predominant power in Europe and in international politics. A territory of more than 200 million inhabitants is to come under German control, and to be reduced to economic dependence on the German heavy industry. It would be wise, therefore, to study this German plan in detail and to judge every utterance of German commercial policy and German foreign policy in the light of the Central European bloc. Whether the German plans succeed or fail depends entirely on whether Austria and Czechoslovakia are able to maintain their economic independence and existence. Austria, by reason of her key position in the Danube territory, which is the focus towards which the most important political activities from the southeast of Europe are directed, remains the key to the door through which German invasion of the southeast of Europe must pass.

II. Hitler and France

By P. B.

Translated from the *Journal de Genève*, Geneva Liberal Daily

MR. HENRI DE KERILLIS has published an article in the *Echo de Paris* which is worthy of mention, for it makes a number of very definite statements of great importance. The observations he makes have already been made by all those who have eyes to see and ears to hear, and who in addition have preserved their judgment unimpaired. Mr. de Kerillis draws our attention to some curious tendencies, that is to say, the growth in France of pro-Germanism, and in some cases of pro-Hitlerism. These phenomena have appeared in Right circles and are particularly noticeable of late. Until recently those who took such a stand were few and their actions caused considerable amazement; as when one saw M. Bucard, the chief of the Franciste movement, who had pursued a strange policy in Alsace, go to pay his respects to the Nazi chiefs and return in glory because he had been saluted with the cry of 'Heil Bucard.' Likewise we have seen the academician, Louis Bertrand, set out in great pomp for Nuremberg on the occasion of the Nazi party convention. In the press Messrs. Fernand de Brinon and Georges Suarez have been the great propagandists for a Franco-German rapprochement,—a cause in which they have broken many a lance.

In the last months the movement has grown. We have seen the leaders of the two principal veteran groups make a visit to Germany, and on their return declare themselves in favor of negotiating on the conditions offered by Chancellor Hitler and the chief of his diplomatic corps, Mr. von Ribbentrop. Mr. Pichot, of the Federation of Veterans, and Deputy Jean Goy, of the National Union of Veterans, were

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particularly conspicuous in this respect. Besides, Mr. Goy has just become president of the Federal Union, and the latter has voted a very significant resolution, inspired obviously by the ideas of its new leader.

The same week another deputy, Mr. Taittinger, who is head of the powerful association of the Jeunesses Patriotes, gave an interview to a weekly, *Choc*, in which he expressed himself in terms that until very recently would have seemed extraordinary:—

'The Nazi Government,' he said, 'seems to me the best qualified to establish a durable alliance with France. What though Germany should demand a right to lay its hands on one or another part of the globe? We have no right to ask that this people, with a population of 65,000,000, be deprived of all means of expansion. As long as this expansion is not made at our expense, we must not regard it unfavorably.'

This declaration of Mr. Taittinger is especially characteristic. It implies, in effect, entire liberty for German expansion in eastern Europe, which also means central Europe, since one goes with the other. It is also a striking fact that in nationalist circles one sees a sort of antipathy for the Powers of the Little Entente, and particularly for Czechoslovakia. Mr. Beneš notably is the perpetual butt of the most vigorous and very often most stupid attacks. One can see that Hitler's propaganda has not been in vain. I do not want to be misunderstood: I do not at all mean to say that all those who express themselves in this fashion are his agents. His great talent is precisely his ability to impress his thesis upon men who become its advocates in good faith—not to mention the numerous auxiliaries which, in the most varied circles, he commands. There is at the present time a whole clan which, surely without realizing the ultimate consequences of its actions, is helping Hitler to attain one of his principal aims, an aim he clearly indicated in *Mein Kampf*, and which he has not for an instant ceased to keep in view.

II

This purpose is to isolate France as completely as possible. It is a question of drawing France into compromising negotiations and making her definitely commit herself to giving the Reich *carte blanche* in eastern and central Europe, in return for which she will have the Reich's promise not to attack her own boundaries. The double result of these negotiations would be, on the one hand, to bring to naught all collective action for peace, and, on the other hand, to separate France from her allies of the Little Entente—a separation which will immediately follow France's abandoning of central and eastern Europe to pan-Germanism. Even if the negotiations in which they seek to involve France come to nothing,—and this is highly probable,—the process itself, which will be drawn out as long as possible, will surely serve to destroy all confidence in France among the nations which have been bound to her by friendly treaties for many years.

On the part of the Third Reich this game is quite comprehensible. In many points it resembles that of Bismarck during the last years of the Second Empire. The astonishing thing is that its motives and objectives are not discerned. At the same time, it obviously seeks to effect a separation

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between Great Britain and France. But in this matter it acts with a greater circumspection, because the operation is delicate and a wrong move might spoil everything. In that connection, the Italo-Ethiopian conflict—a subject which they wisely refrain from discussing in Berlin—is expected to be a powerful aid to their plans. The calculation may be inexact, but it is only natural that the madly Anglophobian campaigns turned loose in France by the periodicals of large circulations should arouse great hopes in Germany.

Hitlerian policy has found unconscious assistance on the part of French pro-Bolshevists. The latter, by alleging that France ought to seek an alliance with the U. S. S. R. because eventually it will have to make a choice between it and the Third Reich, have unwittingly furnished an argument to the men who advocate a German alliance and who do not see that such an alliance has no other aim and will have no other result than to alienate France and give conquering pan-Germanism an enormous advantage. It is absurd to speak of a choice between Russia and Germany being imposed upon France. Only ignorant or biased people see such an alternative. There is no possible choice to be made. The only thing to do is to pursue a straightforward policy and avoid any of the other kind. Unfortunately, the greater part of the public is incapable of weighing coolly these very complex problems. It is impressed by gross simplifications. The 'proletarianizing' of foreign policy therefore has very lamentable results.

III. The Army of a Million Men

Translated from the *Neue Tage-Buch*, Paris German Emigré Weekly

ACCORDING to Mr. Archimbaud, French Deputy and official reporter to the Chamber's Military Affairs Committee, the active German army numbered 800,000 men in November, 1935. This will increase to between 900,000 and 1,000,000 within a few months unless the pace is suddenly increased. Included in this number is the personnel of the Labor Service, which Archimbaud puts at between 200,000 and 300,000, as well as 30,000 military police and 40,000 garrisoned auxiliary troops (to become 70,000 within a few months). The deputy's report estimates the regular army alone at 530,000 at present and at 600,000 within the next few months.

Mr. Archimbaud, a Radical Socialist and ardent pacifist, was bitterly assailed by the Germans on account of his report. He was called a 'boundless militarist demagogue.' But concrete statements in disproof of his figures were wisely avoided. This leads to the belief that Archimbaud's figures, presumably based upon information of the French War Ministry, understate rather than overstate the truth. There could hardly be any good reason why the Reich should not issue official information about the numerical strength of its army unless this strength is too disquieting to be revealed.

There is at least one point in which Deputy Archimbaud obviously under-

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estimates German military strength. He does not take sufficient account of the S.A. (Storm Troops) and the S.S. (Special Guards); and it is precisely the S.S. that undoubtedly possesses military significance. At the Reich Peasant Convention at Goslar, S.S.-Führer Himmler gave details about his troops: they are 200,000 strong, all of them ex-service men. A service record as well as service in the Labor Corps are prerequisites for admission 'into the Order of the S.S.' In addition all the men are specially trained. Even though only a small part actually live in barracks, the entire body is at all times 'ready for action,' and could be placed at any border in a minimum of time and without noisy mobilization. Thus Herr Himmler's special troops must be counted in their entirety as part of the German standing army.

II

All estimates of the strength of the German army suffer from one factor of special uncertainty: the strength of the personnel before the official introduction of universal military service is not exactly known. Nor is it known how many members of the former Reichswehr and of the police affiliated with the army have remained in the ranks of the new army, and how many of the 'volunteers' called to the colors in 1933 and 1934 have signed up for service beyond the compulsory year. The total number of this 'Old Guard,' for the most part men older than the 1914 class, may conservatively be estimated at 300,000. To these must be added the regular recruits called for service every year, beginning with 1935. The strength of these younger classes can be estimated from the birth statistics of 1914 to 1916.

This material is evidently thoroughly utilized, though conscription is not hasty. Thus an official report of November 21 stated that the classes of 1914 and 1915, called in the summer of 1935, have been as yet only partially incorporated into the army. This leads, on the one hand, to the conclusion that the barracks are still well filled with secretly called recruits and long-term volunteers of 1933 and 1934; on the other hand it shows a tendency to 'save up' material for the time of the war years, 1915 to 1919, when the birth-rate was low, lest the desired strength of the active army fall in the years 1936 to 1938. It is announced, for example, that members of the class of 1914 who have not yet been mustered in are not to begin their years of service until the fall of 1936, together with a small part of the class of 1915. The greater part of this latter class is to join in the fall of 1937 simultaneously with a part of the 1916 class, of which, in turn, another part will be reserved until the fall of 1938. In this way the problem of the years when the birth-rate was low seems to have been solved. At the same time it will be seen that this system will enable the Reich to have at its disposal by 1938 a maximum of newly trained recruits—and many regard the year 1938 as the critical year of decision.

Reserves, too, are provided for. According to the report already cited, those members of the 1913 class who are liable for service are to be drafted, beginning in 1936, for two months' training with special 'supplementary units.' Those members of the classes of 1914 and 1915 who, when examined the preceding year, were found to be

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only 'conditionally fit,' face similar training in 1936. In addition to this official mass conscription, it is well known that former soldiers and officers are constantly being individually called in for reserve training.

Beyond question the Hitler Government aims at an army exceeding that of Russia with its far greater population. Is the strength of present-day Germany sufficient to keep an army of 1,000,000 men constantly under arms—especially under the modern arms that are so much more expensive than those of pre-War times?

It is certain that the leaders of the régime are not allowing any consideration of the national budget and economy to stand in the way of their military delusions of grandeur. The billions required to maintain and equip with all necessary war materials this giant army, and to satisfy the infinitely swollen appetites for graft, are heedlessly sacrificed, with practically no control. It is this very heedlessness that implies the greatest danger, a danger not mitigated by the fact that the Führer and his general staff may, as cautious people, renounce the conquests projected in *Mein Kampf*. The costliness of the German war machine almost inevitably must lead to the temptation to give the expensive toy a 'meaning.' The more apprehension grows that the impoverished country will no longer be able to bear the burden of this gigantic military machine, the more, it is to be feared, will the Führer and his generals lose their fear of the risk involved in a war of aggression. One can only hope that the Nazi régime will be crushed beneath the weight of its armaments and its giant army before it has an opportunity to take the classic way of escape for despairing dictatorships.

The Higher Mathematics

Five German Ministers, Göring, Goebbels, Blomberg, Darré, and Hess, appear at the office of Dr. Schacht. All of them demand foreign exchange. Dr. Schacht explains that altogether the Reichsbank has no more than 30 millions in foreign exchange left. Nevertheless each of the five Ministers insists that he must have 15 millions.

Finally Dr. Schacht takes a scrap of paper and begins to figure:—

'15+15+15+15+15 . . .'

After a while he exclaims: 'Gentlemen, it works! Each one of you may have 15 millions.'

The five Ministers become curious and inquire how the thing can be done on 30 millions. Dr. Schacht demonstrates:—

'Let us take the last column first: 5 plus 5, plus 5, plus 5, plus 5. That's 25. Now the first column: 1 plus 1, plus 1, plus 1, plus 1. That's 5. 25 plus 5 and you get 30.'

'But Dr. Schacht,' cry the Ministers, 'you can't figure that way!'

'Oh, I can't, can't I?' counters Dr. Schacht. 'Well, I've been figuring this way for two and a half years!'

—From the *Neue Tage-Buch*

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Here is an appraisal by an anonymous Frenchman of the fighting power of the various 'patriotic leagues' of France.

ARMIES *of the* RIGHT

Translated from *Vu*
Paris Topical Weekly

OF ALL the national leagues it is undoubtedly the Croix de Feu that, because of its prestige, its scope, its size, and the striking personality of its leader, is today the most in the public eye. It is the Croix de Feu that will play the main rôle in case of a *coup d'état*. Its attitude will be the decisive element. If it remains inactive, the other nationalist parties, beaten in advance, will follow its example. If it acts, the others will have to range behind it in order to benefit by the moral and material result. Given its facilities and its organization, its intervention will be a heavy advantage in favor of the nationals. For this reason, its fighting power should be carefully weighed.

The Croix de Feu has almost 200,000 adherents, but this is far from being the actual number of potential combatants. The number given comprises the members of the four associations which compose the whole movement: the Croix de Feu, the Briscards, the Volontaires Nationaux, and the Regroupement National. The first two, and a great part of the third, are made up of grown men, but the fourth one is composed of individuals below sixteen years of age, women and men too old for fighting, those who sympathize enough to pay the thirty francs and to read the *Flambeau* but not enough to parade, and still less to fight.

One can estimate these as 30 per cent of the total effective forces, and deduct them as useless material. There are also others among the Croix de Feu and the Briscards who pay their dues without going to the reunions, parades, etc., believing that just being a member is an honorable title for a veteran. Another deduction of 30 per cent for these cannot be considered excessive. Let us discount those 'old sports,' those brave individuals for whom the war was a great adventure but one that will suffice them for the rest of their lives, who are enthusiastic advocates of the revolution and the

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coup d'état, being persuaded that it will be carried out by others than themselves; let us also discount the crippled, the sick, the mutilated veterans, a minimum of 20,000 men.

There is quite a good deal of defaulting among the Volontaires Nationaux, the causes of which are quite significant: the impatience of the young men, who tire more rapidly than the adults of waiting for action that is always postponed; a certain volatility of temperament; an unsatisfied taste for physical violence; or an absence of deep convictions. Doubtless a part of these defaulters will turn up in time for action, but if one adds to them the youngsters from 16 to 18 years, whom their parents will prevent from marching in case of trouble, one arrives at the figure of 35,000, to be deducted from the 85,000 enlisted Volontaires Nationaux. There remain 30,000 members of the Croix de Feu and the Briscards, and 35,000 Volontaires Nationaux, that is a total of 65,000 men out of 200,000 enlisted members. This is far from the effective force claimed by some people, who wish to exaggerate the danger of the Croix de Feu.

II

Because of its complexity, the organization of the Croix de Feu is little known. Each of its associations is divided into geographical sections which are in turn divided into *dizaines* (tens), *trentaines* (thirties) and hundreds, terms which are self-explanatory, but which are far from being uniformly utilized.

The sections of the Croix de Feu and Volontaires Nationaux have a double rôle, administrative and military. There is a tendency in the large cities to relieve certain sections of their military tasks, to confine them to the administrative rôle. On the other hand, there have been created the so-called *dispos* (an abbreviation for *les disponibles*, the availables), volunteers ready to carry out all the delicate missions. In Paris and in other great cities where the movement is intensified, the tasks confided to these volunteers are numerous and difficult, and demand the use of many effectives. For that reason, after a while permanent brigades were formed, brigades composed of from five to six sections which march together during a demonstration. They are the only organ of the movement in which the Croix de Feu and the Volontaires Nationaux are mingled and where their difference of age, so apparent in the administrative sections, does not play any rôle.

There also exists a so-called 'flying brigade,' which is specially charged with the protection of Colonel de La Rocque. These brigades, which comprise the most convinced, the most devoted elements, are really the potential military units. And their organization is not limited to Paris: its proportions in the provinces are as yet not even suspected.

As far as the individual military equipment of the adherents is concerned, there is no doubt whatsoever that the majority of the members of the Croix de Feu possess either a war rifle, a hunting gun, or a revolver. But it is obvious that a movement like the Croix de Feu could not hope to succeed without a more complete equipment. The time is past when one could become the master of the city by singing hymns, or even by blowing trumpets. Not having precise information

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about the location of the arsenals, if there are such, we still can guess something from the conversations of members. One time there was talk of weapons being stored in the great farmhouses of the Beauce. That is about all that can be said on the subject. As for motorization, there is no denying that the Croix de Feu has been the first to realize the enormous rôle that motorization could play. Because the social position of many of the members permits them to have cars, and also because many administrators of the great transport enterprises are members, any section in the suburbs or the provinces can move very rapidly without using the railroads. Besides, there is the question of aviation. One may remember the surprise many people felt when the Croix de Feu airplanes flew over Oued Smar in Algiers. One of the pioneers, de la Rozière, now out of the party, had broached to Colonel de La Rocque the necessity of organizing aviation facilities, and had succeeded in getting together a squadron of at least 150 airplanes.

The fact that there is a movement afoot whose brigades and sections can produce 65,000 resolute potential combatants is, of course, important. The question is, however, will there be 65,000 in case of an upheaval? Are these men actually ready to kill and be killed in order to gain power, or to prevent the Communists from taking it? Of whom are these troops composed? There are peasants and workers among their ranks, but, essentially, they are composed of the high, middle, and petty bourgeoisie. Have such people the necessary temperament? If it were a question of defending themselves against an imminent Communist attack, without doubt most of them would fight. The Croix de Feu and the Briscards have afforded ample proof that they have personal courage, and the Volontaires Nationaux probably have not degenerated from the level of their fathers. But to attack? Military courage in uniform is easier for the bourgeois to achieve than the courage necessary for a civil war, or even a simple brawl on the streets.

The ideal situation for most members of the Croix de Feu and the Volontaires Nationaux who want to act is not an attack against the established government, nor even against the Communists with a neutral or impotent government in power. What they want, what they believe, is that the government will make an appeal to them, will use them as a sort of auxiliary police force. That would mean having the National Guard with them and not against them. Of course, there is a certain number who would not draw back even in the latter case. But the petty bourgeois character of the movement, inherent in its very composition, makes it inconceivable that these bold spirits should be in a majority. A brawl on the streets is the forte neither of the Croix de Feu nor of the Volontaires Nationaux. They do not have the 'joyous vandalism' of the young men of the Action Française. The savage and bloody mysticism of the Nazi storm troops or of the Fascists before 1922 is not a characteristic of these small shopkeepers, these conscientious employees, these sons of social administrators.

What is the actual number of such moral defaulters? This is where the conjectures become difficult. But one must realize this fact: to mount guard over the automobiles under the benev-

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olent or indulgent eyes of the police agents, and to supervise the reunions, to watch the meeting halls, to assemble in the private parks, to walk in a procession under the vigilant attention of the police—all this is different from facing, revolver in hand, the fire of desperate men who are defending more than just their beefsteak, who perhaps have only one idea: that of freedom. Besides, where do these brigades, that are supposed to be ready for a *coup d'état*, hold their exercises? It is a curious thing that these military men, who claim to have the best trained army, who intend to wage the most difficult of wars, a civil war, intend to win it with units which have had no other training than marching in a procession before the Colonel at the Champs-Elysées or the Rue de Rivoli.

In conclusion, we can say that the Croix de Feu represents a very real force, but one very inferior, from the point of view of effective force or organization, to that which they claim to have. Still their discipline, their unity of command, their facilities of swift transportation and assembly are factors with which one has to reckon very seriously. Incapable of holding their own against the repressive force of the government, they still could with its help or neutrality play an important part in the imminent civil war.

III

There exists outside of the movement of the Croix de Feu a certain number of militant political organizations ready to join it in a battle against the parties of the Front Populaire, which they consider an enemy to be destroyed by any means. None of these organizations represents in itself a force sufficient to enable it to engage in independent action. United, they are a force to be reckoned with.

The courage and energy evinced by the young people of the Action Française in their demonstrations cannot be denied. Admirably trained in the street riots, excellently organized in solid units, they have been giving the authorities a great deal of trouble for many years. During the period preceding February 6, the Action Française employed an active press campaign and held incessant demonstrations in Paris and the provinces. Thus it created the atmosphere of agitation which brought to the Place de la Concorde so many people who were disgusted with the unconcern of the authorities. Although since then the activities of the Action Française have abated in a peculiar manner, it remains an important factor, and, in spite of sharp encounters between the chiefs of the Croix de Feu and the Action Française, it is an indisputable fact that the royalists would join in a riot provoked by a *coup de force* if only to show their intentions of being present on the day when the National forces seek to gain mastery over the country. Approximately 4,000 men would thus be called upon to fight, and their intensive training will be a great benefit to the Croix de Feu.

The Jeunesses Patriotes, whose leader is Pierre Taittinger, represent in France an effective force of several tens of thousands. At the present time, because of the competition afforded by the Volontaires Nationaux, who appeal to the same elements, their recruiting is almost at a standstill. They have just reorganized themselves under the title of Parti National Populaire, or-

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ganized in an ultra-military fashion; the Jeunesses Patriotes seem to be the first in France to have introduced the formation of fast-moving groups, so useful in case of street encounters. This association, most powerful in Paris, is divided into three groups. The members of the first group do not belong to the militant units and are the peaceful elements of the movement. The so-called *groupes mobiles*, led by M. Huré, represent the shock troops. Contrary to the popular belief their number is quite small: in case of serious demonstrations, the Jeunesses Patriotes would not be able to get out more than two or three thousand men in a Parisian region. The *Phalanges Universitaires* are organized in the same manner, the only difference being a complete obedience to the chief of their school faculty, college, or lyceum.

Patterned on the movements abroad, the Solidarité Française has been quite successful from the very beginning, but was from its inception classed as a Fascist and violently anti-Semitic movement. Composed of men of modest means animated by an ardent faith in their leaders, the Solidarité Française represents a force with which every movement wishing to create agitation in the streets must reckon. After the death of François Coty, the editor of *L'ami du Peuple*, Jean Renaud became their leader. In this case also the birth and evolution of the movement of the Croix de Feu have diminished the membership, and it is said that the members of the Solidarité Française who also belong to the Volontaires Nationaux or the Croix de Feu are becoming more and more numerous. If tomorrow, at the hour decided upon by the leagues, the word should be passed along to go into action, the Solidarité Française would throw its weight into the balance not so much by the quantity of its effective force as by the quality of its fighters.

Marcel Buchart, one of the first members of the Croix de Feu, is the creator of Francisme. This movement was inaugurated on September 29, 1933, with an oath sworn over the tomb of the unknown soldier. The main points were as follows: 'At the head of the country a leader; corporative representation; a centralized and regional system of administration; and a strict discipline.' Its character is evident in its ultra-military shock troops, wearing blue shirts, baldricks, and boots. Strictly disciplined, admirably equipped, the Francistes represent in Paris a force of approximately 2,000 men. This number has not been verified, since the Francistes have not yet organized sufficiently to lead their troops in procession before the public.

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A noted French economist discusses the question of oil sanctions and shows how effectively they would put a stop to the war in East Africa, while an English Labor Party editor points out many omissions besides that of oil in the present list of embargoed goods.

Where Sanctions FAIL

Gaps in the Wall

I. Rôle of Oil

By Francis Delaisi

Translated from *Marianne*, Paris Liberal Weekly

MORE than six weeks have passed since fifty-two nations began to apply against Italy the economic sanctions adopted by the League of Nations. And such sanctions! But there is one crack in this pacific blockade: six weeks since they have been put into effect, petroleum is still not included among the forbidden products. This is a very disquieting fact; for among all the products used in making war, petroleum is perhaps the most vitally necessary.

Without gasoline it is possible to set in motion neither automobiles, lorries for the transportation of the infantry, motorcycles for the 'motorized' cavalry, tractors, nor airplanes. Without fuel oil, battleships, cruisers, torpedo-boats, and submarines are condemned to immobility. Without lubricants, the axle-trees of railroad-cars and the wheels of the motors become overheated and get out of commission. And without benzine and toluène, the byproducts obtained through the dis-

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tillation of naphtha, it would be impossible to make any of those asphyxiating gases which are so reassuring to civilian populations. An army deprived of petroleum would be stopped as suddenly as an electric tramway by a short circuit.

An experience of the World War makes it impossible to ignore this fact. At the end of 1917, Clemenceau, faced with insufficient oil reserves, wrote to President Wilson: 'Every drop of oil is worth a drop of blood.' In 1918 it was the lack of oil which prevented the Germans from driving quickly enough through the French front, which they had already penetrated twice. On the eve of the Armistice, Lord Curzon exclaimed: 'The allies are borne to victory on torrents of petroleum!'

A country which does not have, or has been cut off from, a supply of oil is no longer armed. If its soil does not yield the precious substance, it is enough to cut off the source of supply to make it stop its war. A sanction on this alone would be sufficient.

Nevertheless, this is the one measure that the League of Nations has not as yet taken. Needless to say, no nation is more aware of this situation than Italy. In spite of numerous costly researches, she exploits only one oil field, located in Sicily. This field yielded in 1934 no more than 2,000 tons, hardly one per cent of normal consumption. Italy has bored several oil-wells in Albania, constructed a pipe-line, bought up the interests in a Rumanian company at Prahova, acquired a share in the Mosul Oilfields Company, and recently obtained a concession on the banks of the Tigris River. But all this will bear fruit only in the far distant future.

Lacking raw materials, Mussolini wished to do the same thing as the French Government: that is, to build up in his country a refining industry to crack imported petroleum. He constructed cracking plants in Spezzia and Naples on the western coast, and in Venice and Fiume on the Adriatic. Two others are being built in Trieste and Naples at the present time. Since the Belgian company which worked on the Naples plant lost ten million lire in a few weeks, Mussolini made a deal with a branch of the American Standard Oil Company—the Italiana Vacuum Oil Company—giving it a license to bore a well in Sicily and the right to construct a cracking plant in Naples. Moreover, he has just increased the capital of the A. G. I. P.—Italian General Petroleum Bureau—from 200 to 300 million lire. But these new enterprises will begin production only after a long time. Altogether, the existing plants produced in 1934 125,800 tons of oil (approximately 26 per cent of total consumption).

Could Italy turn to substitute products? There is a bed of lignite in Tuscany that could yield, they say, 100,000 tons of petroleum; there are bituminous schists in Ragusa; but since the oil obtained from these regions would cost four times the price of the imported oil, nothing has been done about them so far. For want of petroleum, benzine obtained by the distillation of charcoal may be used. But Italy has no coal, and her 194 gas works yield only 7,800 tons of benzine.

They have thought of alcohol, and, in order to obtain it, have decided to increase the production of beets from 90,000 to 130,000 hectares. To sum up, the opinion of the Italian experts is that even if all resources are utilized

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and there is no dearth of credit, it is impossible to attain even half of the amount necessary for normal consumption.

But did Italy, in anticipation of the war, at least have the forethought to accumulate its stock of petroleum reserves? It is difficult to estimate the importance of these reserves. However, there are certain definite indications. During the first nine months of 1935, that is to say, between the interview with Laval in January and the opening of hostilities, Italy imported a total of 1,500,000 tons of petroleum products. During the corresponding period of 1934, the figure given by official statistics was 1,340,000 tons. This indicates an increase of 160,000 tons, or ten per cent of normal consumption—which is surely very little. One can safely assume that Mussolini is at the mercy of foreign purveyors.

Here are the total imports of oil in 1934:—

Crude oil	143,000 tons
Petroleum	150,400 "
Gasoline	348,000 "
Lubricants	65,675 "
End-products	1,122,500 "
	1,829,575 tons

And here are some of the countries from which these imports came:—

Petroleum: 1,504,000 quintals

Rumania	585,000 (39%)
U. S. S. R.	393,000 (26%)
United States	232,000 (15%)
Persia	164,000 (11%)

Gasoline: 3,481,000 quintals

Persia	1,192,000 (34%)
U. S. S. R.	913,000 (26%)
Rumania	569,000 (16%)
Dutch Indies	328,000 (9%)
Venezuela	189,000 (5%)

As shown by this simple enumeration, almost all of these products come by sea, be it through the Straits of Gibraltar, or the Suez Canal, or the Bosporus and the Dardanelles. This makes Italy's position singularly vulnerable.

II

The identity of the purveyors makes it even less reassuring. For a long time all the international trade in petroleum was in the hands of the British (Anglo-Iranian Oil), Anglo-Dutch (Royal Dutch Shell), and American companies. Mussolini had always tried to avoid dependence on them. This is the reason why, in spite of the divergence of their political views, the Soviet government was for such a long time Italy's principal purveyor of oil. Mussolini had established a composite society in which the Fascist delegates sat side by side with the Bolshevist delegates, under the presidency of an Italian Admiral.

But because, two years ago, the U. S. S. R., responding to an increase of its own domestic needs, considerably reduced its deliveries of oil to Italy, Rumania jumped to first place. Italy acquired shares in its companies, but 85 per cent of its production is controlled by the French and Belgian companies. For the rest, Italy again had to turn to the Anglo-Saxon trusts. Gasoline coming from Persia is under the control of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, of which the British Admiralty is the principal shareholder. The crude oil, if it comes from the Dutch Indies, is under the control of the Royal Dutch Company, and if from Venezuela, under that of the American Imperial Oil Company. As for supplies provided by the United

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States, they must, for the most part, come from the Standard Oil Company.

Thus Italy, in spite of all her efforts, finds herself dependent upon the Anglo-Saxon trusts. It is true that they are seldom in agreement, that, for this reason, Mussolini may hope to get from the Americans what the others refused him. And so there opens one of the most curious chapters of what one could call 'petroleum diplomacy.'

When the tribunal of nations at Geneva had named and condemned the aggressor and had decided to apply economic sanctions against him, everybody immediately thought of petroleum. The Soviet Government forthwith declared itself ready to suspend all its sales to Italy—on condition that Rumania would do likewise, for without Rumania's coöperation the sacrifice would be useless, as the aggressor would still be provided with oil. The Bucharest Government hastened to pledge its adherence; but on condition that the other sanctionist States buy from it the petroleum which it would no longer be able to sell to Italy, since the export of naphtha is the only means it has of paying for its imports, and, deprived of this means, the country would find itself under an economic blockade!

In Holland, as in England, the Royal Dutch and the Shell Transport Companies declared themselves ready for all sacrifices provided that the American trusts did likewise. As for the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, it simply continued selling to Italy.

This caused an outburst of indignation at London. The situation seemed the more strange as the principal shareholder of that powerful company was none other than the Admiralty itself. Mr. Lloyd George in the House of Commons interpellated the Government. Lord Stanhope answered simply that as long as the American trusts did not adhere to the sanctions, there was no reason to impose futile sacrifices upon the British companies. Thus by a curious turn of events the application of the sanctions decreed by the League of Nations now depends upon a State that does not belong to the League.

Thus, waiting for the world to agree, the British, Americans, Rumanians, and Russians continue to provision Italy. Nevertheless Mussolini is not reassured. He knows that his stock of petroleum will not last more than a few months, and that his reserves of gold and paper money (for he must pay cash) will last even less. He knows that on the day when they are exhausted, all his military forces, of which he speaks with such pride, will be completely paralyzed.

Let us recall Lord Curzon's words: 'He who has oil has the empire.'

II. The Sanctions Bluff

By Francis Williams

From the *Daily Herald*, London Labor Daily

IT IS clear that whatever else may result from the abandonment of the Paris proposals and the resignation of Sir Samuel Hoare, this Government has been taught how determined is public opinion in this country that British foreign policy shall be a League policy.

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What then is to be the next move regarding sanctions? We have Mr. Chamberlain's assurance that if other members of the League are ready not only to give assurances but to back up those assurances if necessary by action, the British Government is, in its present contrite mood, prepared to agree to the imposition of an oil sanction.

It seems clear, however, judging by the Geneva reports, that the application of that—the most important of all sanctions—is likely to be a matter of some time.

But the imposition of an oil sanction, desirable as it is if the Italian aggression in Abyssinia is to be brought to an end, is not the only development which can and ought to be taken to make League action more effective.

It is most desirable that the existing sanctions list of key products should be tightened up if the sanctions already in existence are to have any major effect. The list as it stands at present contains some notable and surprising omissions.

Some of these omissions are indeed so surprising, while being of a nature not easily perceivable by those without expert knowledge of the metal industries, that one is inclined to wonder whether there has not been a deliberate intent to avoid doing anything serious to embarrass Italy on the part of those drawing up the list.

The sanctions list cannot, for example, leaving aside for the time being the question of oil, be regarded as at all complete so long as it does not contain copper, lead and spelter. There may, it is true, be some excuse for leaving off copper on the grounds that the United States might, perhaps, make any League sanction regarding copper ineffective by increased exports to Italy, although against this there is the fact that the United States was willing to curtail exports to belligerents so long as there was hope of the introduction of effective League sanctions.

II

Not even this excuse, however, can be put forward for the exclusion of lead and spelter, since none of the non-League countries is an important exporter of either. It is true that the United States is the largest producer of lead and spelter, but her exports to Europe have always been negligible because freight costs make such exports unremunerative.

On the other hand Italy's domestic production of these two metals is insufficient even to cover her peace-time requirements—and both are extremely important war materials, lead as one of the raw materials used in the making of batteries for motor vehicles, tanks, and airplanes, and in the manufacture of ammunition, and spelter as raw material in munitions. The inclusion of lead and spelter on the existing sanctions list would therefore be an effective supplement to the present list and one which ought to be made.

In addition to these two metals the present sanctions list contains, however, certain remarkable and possibly rather sinister omissions so far as steel and steel alloy metals are concerned, and these, be it noted, are just the metals indispensable for the production of artillery ammunition, gun tubes, gun shields, armor plates and important airplane parts.

As the list stands at present, exports of iron ore concentrates, iron, and

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steel scrap are prohibited to Italy, but the export of steel is not prohibited, although it is steel which Italy needs for her military purposes. Moreover, although export is prohibited of chromium, manganese, tungsten and vanadium in the form of unwrought metals, the export of alloy steels, that is, steels which contain one of the aforementioned so-called steel alloy metals, is not prohibited.

It is difficult to understand this gap if the sanctions list was really genuinely meant to be effective, seeing that the fact that alloy steel can be sent to Italy makes prohibition of exports of the steel alloy metals of no practical value. In most cases steel alloy metals are not used in their metallic form for the production of alloy steels but in the form of ores, and it is significant that although chromium, manganese, tungsten and vanadium are, as stated, included on the sanctions list in the form of unwrought metals, they are not included in their, for practical purposes, more important form, for ores, concentrates, or residues of steel alloy metals can be exported to Italy without any violation of the sanction decrees.

When these facts are realized, one cannot escape from the unfortunate suspicion that to no small extent the sanctions list has in certain important respects been in the past very much a matter of bluff. It includes products which are of little importance to Italy and does not include those which are indispensable to her.

THE OIL-CAN OF DAMOCLES

—From the *Lumière*, Paris Liberal Weekly

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TWO POEMS

By LI KWANG-T'IEN

Translated by HAROLD ACTON and CHEN SHIH-HSIANG

From *T'ien Hsia*, Nanking Literary Monthly

A JOURNEY

Whose high white walls are these,
Set on a flare by the autumnal sunset,
With pendulous vivid gourds of red and green,
Round yellow-speckled fan-leaves floating over them?

As if glad news were brought of distant friends,
But why these vague words, only two or three?
Features and voices and smiles are so familiar,
But individuals—ah, what of them?

Two dark doors ajar;
Quietly the traveler peers through
And then, with heavier footsteps, plods away.
The sun sinks: birds and insects suddenly flitter,
Flecks in the afterglow.

THE SHOOTING STAR

A shooting star falls,
And with it falling
Are tears.

Think of a humming summer night of frog-drums
In an ancient village,
When the meteor is flitting down for you,
Who maybe now will twist a knot in your queue,
Hoping to catch a drifting pearl
As a donative of everlasting love.

Pondering days remote.
Remote the sound of footsteps in the soil . . .

Tears are shed to the night,
Like the star falling into wrinkled water
Deep in the wood.

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Persons and Personages

The Japanese Colonel Lawrence

By René Lavigne and Edouard Ciprut
Translated from *Marianne*, Paris Liberal Weekly

LIKE the history of almost all the events which since 1931 have marked the successive stages of Japanese expansion in Asia, the history of the new Sino-Japanese conflict is closely connected with the activity of one outstanding personage. In this case the man is General Kenji Doihara. That Colonel Lawrence of the Far East, that perfect representative of the most subtle diplomacy combined with the most ruthless tactics, that astonishing shuffler of cards—only he could have prepared the new Japanese advance into China with such diabolical skill. As uncontested chief of the Japanese Secret Service, Doihara, profiting by the least changes in the game of international politics, seems to have already made all preparations to place Nanking under his country's rule. The moment for closing the 'open door' in China is apparently at hand.

The Information Bureau in Tokyo has nothing to lose by comparison with similar institutions in Europe. The methods it has invented to facilitate the work of its personnel are innumerable, as are the ruses by which its agents strive to conceal their work. But the activities of the subordinate functionaries constitute only the routine, the detail work necessary for the realization of the great schemes devised at Tokyo. Even more important is the mission of the heads of the department, who are charged with the tasks of primary importance.

The organization of the 'frontier conflict,' the subtle preparing of the ground for delicate diplomatic negotiations, the execution of some manœuvre destined to create one of those 'faits accomplis' so important in international politics—all this work must be done only by the chiefs. During the Great War the policy of expansion Japan pursued in Asia amply tested the skill and ingenuity of these first servants of their country. Among them, General Doihara may flatter himself with having carved out in record time the steps of his peculiar career. His later exploits, beginning in 1931, are of a kind to satisfy the pride of the most ambitious diplomat. Everything indicates that it is he who will decide when the die shall be cast.

On the eve of the Manchurian events which were to end in the occupation of that territory by the Japanese troops (an occupation followed, after a brief delay, by the foundation of the state of Manchukuo), we

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find Doihara, at that time a colonel, in the city of Mukden. As an officer of the Japanese Kwantung Army, he enjoyed the title of Chief of the Bureau of Military Relations. But, as a matter of fact, he was a sort of special agent charged with following political and military events in that part of Manchuria. Like his direct superiors of that time, the Generals Minami and Honjo, successive commanders of the Kwantung Army, Doihara had made a career in China. He had traveled extensively there, and since he spoke Chinese with an extraordinary facility, it was quite natural that the Japanese Government should entrust him with the most important missions of each stage of the Japanese advance into Asia.

Closely connected with Marshal Chang Tso-lin before the latter quarreled with Tokyo, Doihara played an important rôle in the realization of the Japanese plan for annexing three great Chinese provinces of the East. He proved an indispensable factor in provoking and supporting a movement for autonomy. Here Doihara was at his best. At the same time that he was intriguing against the Soviets, whose influence on Manchurian soil Tokyo wished to arrest at any cost, the Colonel advocated with all his authority a policy of force, 'the only kind,' as he repeatedly said in his reports to his superiors in Tokyo, 'which will insure Japan mastery over Manchuria!'

A CHARACTERISTIC example of such a policy is Doihara's political manœuvre in connection with the notorious assassination of Captain Nikamura. That Japanese officer, together with three interpreters, was killed during the summer of 1931 by Chinese regular soldiers, who burned the bodies and thought that all traces were hidden. However, the news of Nikamura's death reached the Japanese consul, and at the end of that same month Chinese local authorities were notified that Japan considered an inquest into the matter indispensable. The first inquest in Mukden yielded unsatisfactory results. Chinese authorities, conscious of great tension, ordered another one. Whereupon Colonel Doihara and a number of Japanese officers inspired by him began to spread doubts about Chinese sincerity and interest in the matter. Among other things Doihara spread a rumor to the effect that the Commander Kuan Yu-heng, who was presumably responsible for the assassination of Nikamura, was being protected by the Chinese authorities at Mukden. The truth of the matter was that Kuan was being detained preparatory to a court martial which was to take place in a week at the most. Several days afterwards there occurred the famous incident known in the history of the Far East as the 'Mukden incident.' This affair was to give the final impulse to the realization of Japan's plan for occupying Manchuria—a thing that Doihara had never ceased to desire ardently.

According to the Japanese version of the affair, on the night of Sep-

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tember 18 Lieutenant Kawamoto and six men were patrolling a railway track a few kilometers to the north of Mukden when they heard a terrible explosion which, according to them, derailed a portion of the tracks. At that same time the patrol was fired upon. The assailants then retreated to the north, pursued by the Japanese. The latter were again attacked, this time by a greater force, whereupon the lieutenant ordered one of his men to inform the commander of his company, and another to telephone Mukden for reënforcements. (Of course, it is well known that this 'terrible explosion' did not prevent the express train from passing over the supposedly derailed tracks half an hour afterwards, and reaching the station at Mukden on schedule.) The Japanese reënforcements arrived soon afterwards, and thirteen hours later the city of Mukden was in the hands of the Japanese.

This was the beginning of the great Japanese offensive against Manchuria. On November 7, Doihara changed the local administration of the city to provisional government controlled by the Kwantung Army. At that time there occurred one of the typical ceremonies which Colonel Doihara arranged during the occupation of Mukden, and which he saw fit to repeat so often in the ensuing months. On the eve of the ceremony, the mayor's office received more than 10,000 paper flags with the following device printed on them: 'In celebration of the conquest of political control.' These flags were distributed to all the shop merchants of the principal streets to be posted in the shop windows. In the presence of a considerable number of Chinese, subsidized by Doihara, the ceremony began at eleven o'clock in the morning. More than 5,000 Japanese, massed in 200 lorries, paraded through the streets, distributed cards, shouted, and had several chiefs speak into the microphones.

For several months Japanese military operations continued without interruption. On January 26 Colonel Doihara abruptly left Mukden and went to Harbin, to assume there the post of head of the Special Service Department. The Colonel's departure from this important railway center of North Manchuria was as usual a prelude to further expansion. Ever since the beginning of January, 1932, the region to the north and east of Harbin had been causing the Japanese particular trouble. The Chinese generals of that section had apparently been maintaining connections with general headquarters at Peiping. Doihara acted so successfully that certain Chinese merchants of Harbin, fearing that their possessions would be looted, begged the Japanese to occupy the locality. Ten days after Colonel Doihara's arrival Harbin was in the hands of the Kwantung Army. This was Doihara's second masterstroke. Thus the essential steps for the annexation—direct or indirect—of Manchuria had been taken. 'The independence of Manchuria and Manchukuo,' Doihara asserted as he took over his functions in Harbin, 'is inevitable, for this is

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the policy resolved upon. In spite of everything that the League of Nations can say, neither Chiang Kai-shek nor Chang Hsueh-liang will succeed in changing the situation.'

Thus, in February of 1932, the time was ripe for establishing a sort of unified government in the conquered territory. Nothing remained but to proclaim the independence of the new state, baptized Manchukuo. Already in the beginning of November, the time when Doihara was still in Mukden and was organizing the demonstrations described above, he had formed in his mind the project of the future Manchukuoan empire and had worked it out to the minutest detail. The empire needed an emperor. Tokyo's choice fell upon Hsuan Tung, an old sovereign of the Manchu Dynasty, known at that time by his personal name of Henry P'u Yi. But P'u Yi was staying in Tientsin, and Doihara found it necessary to have his 'protégé' within the reach of Japanese 'protection.' Accordingly two months before the occupation of Kharbin Colonel Doihara visited P'u Yi at Tientsin and coolly requested him to follow him to Mukden. P'u Yi refused, whereupon Doihara reminded him that if he did not take his advice, he would be exposed to certain unnecessary risks. On November 7, a basket of fruit was brought to the residence of the future emperor: a bomb was discovered in it. At the same time Doihara was fomenting riots in the city. On November 10, after a final conversation with Doihara, Henry P'u Yi left the city amidst salvos and gunfire salutes. He embarked upon a Japanese steamer which took him to Dairen. He was kept there for three months, during which time Manchuria was occupied.

The situation accompanying the departure of P'u Yi had been so suspicious, the rumors of the rôle played by Doihara so persistent, that the Japanese in Peiping were obliged to publish the following notice:—

'The ex-emperor, Henry P'u Yi, who was living in Tientsin at the time that the trouble broke out, feared for his personal safety and asked for the protection of the Japanese authorities. Guided solely by humane considerations, the Japanese authorities acquiesced in the desire of the ex-emperor, and decided to protect him by taking him to a safe place. Unwilling to have Mr. P'u Yi dragged into political turmoil while under its protection, the Japanese government felt it to be its duty to spare Mr. P'u Yi all undesirable contact with the outside world.'

On February 18, Manchukuo proclaimed itself independent. On the 29th a Pan-Manchurian conference at Mukden unanimously elected as provisional President of the new state the former emperor, Hsuan Tung, alias Henry P'u Yi. Soon after, Colonel Doihara was made general.

FROM that time on, the Japanese Colonel Lawrence was entrusted with more and more delicate missions. Manchuria having submitted,

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Doihara went to work to expand Japanese influence by penetrating into the heart of Mongolia. He carried on intrigues with Mongolian autonomous princes, whom he succeeded in drawing into the Japanese sphere of influence, and whom he finally familiarized with the idea that Chahar 'would only serve its own best economic interest by incorporating with Manchuria.' The measures of Doihara in Mongolia were promptly followed by the occupation of a part of Chahar by Japanese troops—Tokyo's usual military procedure. Thus the Japanese expansion comes closer and closer to the borders of Mongolia, an independent state under a political régime analogous to that of the U.S.S.R. and linked to the latter by a treaty of friendship.

With his perfect knowledge of China, no one knows better than Colonel Doihara how to set bait for Nanking. Wedged between the provincial generals, Chiang Kai-shek's government is struggling with unavoidable difficulties. Disappointed by the attitudes of the western powers, at grips with the Chinese red armies, which are holding vast territories in several provinces, the central government seems an easy prey to Doihara and his friends.

Heralded by the clever press propaganda in favor of Sino-Japanese rapprochement, the kidnapper of P'u Yi did not hesitate to make an appearance on the banks of the Yangtze. He carried on blunt negotiations and, in return for a promised loan and other aids, laid before the Chinese Governments several proposals, such as the institution of a Sino-Japanese National Economic Council, with a view to common exploitation of Chinese resources.

From Nanking Doihara went to Canton, the main rampart of English and American influence. Nanking's power being very limited there, Doihara succeeded, by employing military pressure, in making local generals listen to reason. (As a matter of fact, wishing to construct a naval base at Swatow, a port facing the island of Formosa, Tokyo sent its marines to that region in order to intimidate local authorities who were hostile to the proposed base.)

But the diplomatic rapprochement between China and Japan had not advanced fast enough to suit Tokyo. The months passed and the partisans of the policy of force—notably the chiefs of the Kwantung Army, among whom was Doihara—grew impatient. It ended by the General's taking a plane to Peiping. This action was immediately followed by the 'incident of Chahar.' The arrest of four Japanese officers by Chinese troops was a pretext for more ultimatums, and again Doihara's presence was the prelude to armed action. Chahar being occupied, another objective of Doihara and his entourage was attained. It remained for him to push the Japanese armies in the direction of Peiping and to encircle Northern China in Tokyo's direct sphere of influence. . . .

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Thomas G. Masaryk, Creator of a Modern Nation

By Harold Laski

From the *Daily Herald*, London Labor Daily

AT EIGHTY-FIVE no living man has better deserved retirement than President Masaryk, for he has given to an ancient and historic people the title-deeds of its soul. And in the seventeen feverish years of European history since the Armistice, he has kept Czechoslovakia an oasis of political freedom in a surrounding desert of dictatorships. We knew he had patience, determination and courage when he became the President of the Republic; in the succeeding years, he has shown that he is a great statesman as well.

President Masaryk is the Washington of the Czech Republic, as Dr. Beneš is in some sort its Alexander Hamilton; but he is a Washington in whom there is not a little of those qualities which made of Lincoln the best-loved democrat of the nineteenth century.

He began life poor and unaided. His first profession was that of a blacksmith. His own efforts made him a teacher, and then, after long struggles, a doctor in philosophy, whose high distinction in his field won him, at thirty-two, a professorship in the newly-founded Bohemian University at Prague. Thenceforward, he has always occupied a seminal place in the life of his country.

Year after year he published books, lectured on his subject, edited a review. There was always competence in the performance, though not, I think, that extra quality which gives permanence to the written word. What distinguished him from the mass of his academic colleagues was the possession of two characteristics. He was a teacher whose classroom became a discipline for the students who passed through it in devotion to high purpose, and he had an inextinguishable passion for social justice.

It was this which led him to the Parliament at Vienna. It was this which led to his famous intervention in the Hilsner murder trial, where his unforgettable attack on the accusation of ritual murder showed his power to combine emotional perception with intellectual insight. It was this which made him a leader in the attack on the Germanizing policy of Austria, and its subjection to the purposes of Berlin.

In the years after 1890 he had already become the leader of Czech nationalism. He had discovered the soul of his people. What it was still seeking was a form in which to be clothed.

The war gave him his opportunity. His nationalism was incompatible with Austrian ideals, and, at its outbreak, he had to fly to a safe exile.

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His wanderings brought him to London, where, to its eternal honor, King's College gave him an academic post.

There, in partnership with his disciple, Dr. Beneš, he organized the Czechoslovak movement for independence. He himself has told us, in unforgettable pages, the romance of its realization. There were hard days when hope seemed dead. There was the arduous task of making European statesmen see that here, at least, legend and reality could be made one.

To give birth to a State in the atmosphere of Versailles, to found it there on principles of liberalism, is one of the two or three events which sweeten the record of post-war history. Masaryk's triumph is one of the few notable examples of a great dreamer who had the practical skill to make his dream come true.

IT WAS natural that he should become the first President of the new Republic. It was not an easy task. Traditions had to be created. A difficult mass of minorities had to be conciliated. Moral enthusiasm had to be canalized into the drab channels of daily administrative detail. There have been mistakes in the process. But no one who has watched it as a whole can doubt that Masaryk has built solidly and well.

Czechoslovakia, in his hands, has become not merely a state; it has become, also, a great moral idea. Men of all countries go there as to a city of refuge from persecution abroad. Its moral influence at Geneva has been second to none throughout the history of the League. Education has developed to levels which make Czech standards respected everywhere. Its social legislation compares favorably with that of any Western European country.

If, since Hitler's advent to power, there have been threats of moment to its foundations, it has yet emerged that the people will not seek escape from economic difficulty by refuge in the ugliness of Fascism. It remains true of Czechoslovakia that the same uncertainty surrounds its future which surrounds that of all countries on the fringe of Hitlerism. But it remains true also that Masaryk has schooled his Czechs to live soundly for political freedom, and, if need be, to die in its service.

From any angle, it is a supreme achievement. Grant that the 'ramshackle' empire of Austria provided fertile soil for the adventure; grant, also, that the war gave Masaryk a marvelous chance; grant, finally, that, above all, in Beneš he has found remarkable opportunities. It is yet the inescapable fact that he has schooled his people to ways of life the nobility of which the present generation is in danger of forgetting. Elections are free in the Czechoslovak State; education gives social opportunity; there are freedom of speech and freedom of association; there is a deep and universal sense of the need to go beyond the narrowness of national-

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ism. There are no men in Czechoslovakia among those whom Masaryk has trained who dream of an attack on democracy. Dictatorship there is a foreign notion, subsidized from abroad. To have done all this in years like those through which our generation has lived is a consummate performance unsurpassed in its significance.

The man who has done it remains as politician what he was as professor. Widely read, he bears real learning without pedantry. Honored by all the world, he remains essentially simple and humble-minded. He reads the poets and the novelists as he read them sixty years ago. His pleasures are his old pleasures of walking and riding. He is always accessible. He has no vanity of position, no sense—so common among politicians—of indispensability. Great responsibilities have not weakened in him the love of freedom, the recognition that self-government is the only school in which justice becomes possible of realization. International fame has not led him to forget that he was born of the common people, that his power was due to their recognition of the value of his ideals. No man of our time has been so completely as Masaryk the philosopher-king of Plato; and no man has done more to widen the ideal by showing the capacity to build it upon a broad basis of freely-won popular consent.

What is his secret? In part, no doubt, that indefinable quality we call a great personality. I doubt whether Masaryk will rank as a great mind. What he says, what he has written, have distinction; they do not in themselves constitute a title to immortality. His gifts are, above all, those of character. He has ultimate courage. He has infinite patience. He has unlimited single-mindedness. He has known, always, how to marry a solid intelligence to a temperament capable of high passion.

His interventions in the period before 1918 were those of a man who has the genius to forget himself in the service of justice. He knew how to make respect for his causes a part of democratic self-respect. He had that power of moral command which makes others see that they cannot avoid the obligation to work with him. He made himself the finest type of leader—the man who, for all men, has fused his purpose with himself. The number of such men is small enough; but they are the noblest fellowship in the history of mankind.

Masaryk will rank high among the statesmen of our age; and it will be said of him that in his achievement he surrendered nothing of the qualities by which a man would wish to be known. He has won the gratitude of his people by winning for them a freedom he, as no other, taught them to value. He has touched nothing he has not adorned by his integrity.

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An American writer tells how Mexico's old Indian culture is giving way before hordes of tourists from the U. S. A.

MEXICO Goes American

By V. F. CALVERTON

THE UNITED STATES has fought two wars with Mexico, both flagrantly aggressive and predatory, but neither of those wars was as destructive nor deadly to Mexico as the one which America is waging at the present time under the benevolent banner of the dollar sign. In the two previous wars, the United States annexed land and protected investments; in this war, however, it threatens to conquer a culture.

What is at stake in Mexico today is a national destiny. Up to the present Mexico has retained much of the flavor and color of its past, and clung close to the rock out of which its psychological character has been hewn. Invasions, conquests, conversions, and all the blazing, rapacious fury of revolutions and counter-revolutions have torn and scarred the face of the country but left its culture unaltered. Native priests and foreign missionaries have replaced heathen gods with Christian saints, but the Indians, with atavistic persistence, have continued to worship the 'idols behind the altars.' Kings and queens have come and gone, presidents have risen and fallen, and parvenu dictators have ridden rough-shod across the land, each in his own way introducing new customs and different ways of life. But the Mexican Indian has resisted them all, holding close to his ancient *mores* and refusing to capitulate spiritually to the invaders.

Today, however, for the first time that resistance has begun to weaken. The invader is no longer panoplied in shining armor or accompanied by horse and cannon, but rides in strong, steel cars and comes laden with rolls of green-coated paper which carries all the wonders of a new world within its sheen. It is that new magic which threatens to undermine a whole culture. The Mexican Indian, who has survived all other conquests, is at the

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point today of being conquered by the unarmed invasion of the American dollar. Already in the towns as well as in the cities, the Indian is beginning to shuffle off his simple communal psychology and adopt the competitive, individualist psychology of the American go-getter.

The tourist typhoon which has descended upon Mexico from the United States has made the Mexican Indian more capitalist-conscious than ever before in his history. The question is whether that typhoon, as it increases in volume and intensity, will be able to root out habits of mind developed through the centuries.

To answer that question, we must analyze the habits of mind at stake and the antagonistic force threatening to destroy them.

First, let us analyze what the Indian stands for in Mexico today, and what is involved in the possible destruction of his communal psychology and handicraft culture.

II

Few Americans realize that Mexico can be understood only when viewed through the eye of that Indian. Whereas the Americans practically wiped out the North American Indian, and even now are but very little concerned with preserving what remnants of Indian culture still survive, the Mexicans have not only dedicated themselves to preserving Indian culture in its pristine form, but have come to worship the Indian, who remains, to this day the dominant root-force out of which the Mexican nation has derived its being, its beliefs, its purpose. Instead of being destroyed by his European adversary, as the American Indian practically was, the Mexican Indian survived invasion, defeat, and enslavement, and ultimately swallowed up his own conquerors. Scion of three great civilizations, Mayan, Toltec, and Aztec, the Mexican Indian, with his handicraft genius, his coöperative economic psychology, and his Spartan powers of endurance, was equipped to overcome the white man in the struggle for cultural supremacy.

The moment the Spaniard resorted to intermarriage, the defeat of his culture was sealed. The Indian was not assimilated by the white man; the white man was absorbed by the Indian. At the present time, for instance, it is difficult to find a native-born Mexican who does not have some Indian blood in his veins. The Indian mother, closer to the children than the father, kept the native cultural pattern alive from generation to generation. The result is that today Mexico has a culture which is not Spanish but predominantly Indian. Its great painters, Rivera and Orozco, turn to the Indians for their artistic materials and inspiration; its composers, Chavez, De Falla, Carillo, and Metza, seek out Indian ballads and tunes, study Indian songs and chants, and dedicate their talents to interpreting the Indian soul in their arias, quartets, and symphonies; its dancers go into the villages and study the Indian tempo in rhythm, gesture, and pantomimic design, and even try by means of masques and indigenous costumes to revive the ancient dances of the Mayas and Aztecs. Novelists apostrophize the Indian, historians begin their volumes with the Indian civilizations of the past, and end them with the triumph of the Indian motif in the

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present; and politicians, practiced in the art of lachrymose demagogy, vow between sobs that they will dedicate their lives to the economic liberation of the Indian—who, despite all the exaltation and apostrophe, lives economically at a standard as low as that of a Chinese coolie.

It is this Indian dominancy which is threatened by the tourist invasion of Americans, for with the coming of American tourists will come an influx of money, new and more numerous investments of American capital, new sources of income, new occupations, new ways of living, Middletown concepts, Main Street ideals, which are often more deadly to a culture than medieval armies led by a sixteenth century Cortez or modern armies accoutred with twentieth century rifles and poison gas. In the past, it must be remembered, the Indian has not only inspired the painting, music, dancing, and literature of his land, but he has also been the source of its revolutions. All the significant revolutions in Mexico have sprung from the Indians, the *agraristas*, who have always been eager to fight for the restoration of their lands from Church, State, or foreign capital. It was not urban centres like Mexico City or Puebla but the agrarian states, Sonora, Coahuila, and Chihuahua, that gave birth to the revolutions led by Madero, Carranza, Pancho Villa, Obregon, and Calles.

The Indian's whole attitude toward his land, however, has been and still is very different from that of the American farmer or French peasant. His psychology has been communal instead of individualist. In addition, he has never viewed the land as something to make money from but rather as something to live on and utilize for use and not for profit. He still lacks the aggressive, enterprising economic spirit of the farmers of the United States. He is still without the money-minded urge or the go-getting psychology of the American farmer.

In conversing with some Indians in a village not very far removed from Mexico City I discovered a very interesting aspect of Mexican peasant psychology in practice. The Indians there make their living by selling pulque, derived from the maguey plant, and, in talking to several villagers, I discovered that they deliver just enough pulque each day to earn 75 centavos. When I learned that it took them only three hours to acquire that much pulque, I asked them why they didn't work six hours and make twice that much. I was immediately met with the most baffled and bewildered reaction. 'What did I mean?' was the question that wrote itself instantly across their faces. I had to repeat my question before they could really understand what I was driving at.

'But why should we work six hours, when in three hours we make enough to buy all we need?'

'But look at your feet and your clothes,' I said, gently calling their attention to the fact that they were barefoot—they had never owned a pair of shoes in their lives—and dressed in woe-begone, threadbare rags which threatened at any moment to fall apart on their very bodies. 'If you worked six hours, you would be able to buy shoes and better clothes for yourselves, your wives, and your children.'

'Shoes?' the leader repeated, looking at my dusty but solidly made

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American shoes, 'our fathers wore no shoes, nor did their fathers before them, so why should we wear them?'

As to clothes, they were perfectly content with the clothes they had, and could see no reason why they should work longer than they did just to get things they didn't need. They were willing to work three hours a day to get enough money to buy the beans, maize, and tortillas they needed, and to pay what other infinitesimal expenses they had in the way of rent and clothes, but they could see no virtue in working longer in order to satisfy needs which they had never had and which they saw no reason to have.

III

But how can the coming of American tourists change a psychology so deep-rooted as that of the Mexican Indian? If the American tourists went to Mexico as they go to France or Germany or England, no such change would be possible. But American tourists go to Mexico not as visitors but as conquerors. In Mexico they do not feel ill at ease or out-of-it as they do in Europe. No Middletown American has ever felt himself inferior in Mexico. In Europe, he has always felt out of place, an intruder, a barbarian. In Mexico, he feels the 'king of the walk,' a pale-face Emperor Jones who has come, seen, and conquered. Mexico is little more to him than an extension of the United States, a new Texas still to be annexed.

Although the Mexican Indian, with his philosophic indifference to progress and his lack of interest in industrial comforts and conveniences, refuses to bow to the North Americanos, or adopt any other gesture of subservience, the average Middletowner does not mind. In his eyes, the Indian is, for all plans and purposes, a counterpart of the American Negro, to be used and energized when necessary to grease the wheels of industry and commerce. He is a drudge to be exploited and given more profitable things to do, so that he will become a more profitable commodity.

It is this type of American, with this vision of things, who has gone to Mexico in such overwhelming numbers within the last two or three years. Fifteen years ago, Mexico was the retreat of æsthetes in search of the primitive, and of ex-Greenwich Village sophisticates with a flair for the exotic, who smoked marijuana, drank pulque, ate tortillas, and ecstasized over Mexican handicraft and folkways, all in a valiant attempt to go native. Today it is the denizens of Waxahachie, Puyallup, and Kalamazoo who have penetrated into Mexico, taking with them the drab physical trappings of Middletown and carrying back with them, in the form of Indian baskets, jugs, tiles, serapes, and slave bracelets stretching from their elbows to their wrists, bright fantastic slices of a colorful civilization blended with a new conception of human creativeness.

It is only when we appreciate the magnitude of this tourist invasion that we can see what its ultimate effects will be upon the country as a whole. In 1928, for example, only 12,586 tourists went to Mexico, 10,226 from the States. In 1933, the number increased to 41,588, 39,266 being from the United States. But last year revealed the largest increase of all. Over 105,000 Americans went to Mexico in 1935.

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But large as this tourist influx has become, it is but infinitesimal compared with the increase that will immediately and spontaneously result when the road from Laredo to Mexico City is definitely completed. It is possible even at present to traverse that road, but only at the cost of extreme discomfort and at the risk of life and limb.

Within two or three months, however, the danger zone, which extends only about sixty-five miles, will have been rendered safe, the road widened where it is now too narrow, the projected bridges completed, and, alas and alack, faster than Aladdin's magic, advertising signs with Mae West and Al Jolson endorsements, hot dog stands, barbecue shanties, and soft-drink bars will crop up at every bend of the road, and dilapidated, weather-beaten churches, closed by the government, but still hoary with ancient charm, will be converted into gas stations and garages.

In time not only the Laredo Road will be transformed thus into an extension of America below the Rio Grande, but all the main roads, and those now in the process of being built, will suffer similar scarification. In less than a year, the Mexican landscape, more magnificent, more enchanting, and more miraculous than the American or Canadian, will become punctuated with symbols of the American dollar sign in the process of economic conquest.

What all this means is that once the Laredo-to-Mexico-City highway is completed and officially opened, there is every reason to believe that this year 250,000 Americans will go to Mexico, with increasing numbers in the years to follow, for Mexico City has already become the new Mecca of American tourists.

But how will this tourist incursion, increasing as it is with the years, actually alter the psychology of the Mexican Indian and change the culture of the country? The answer is all too simple. If the American tourists came and went, leaving nothing but their memory behind them, there would be no problem. The trouble is that the American tourists bring a new way of life with them, and in many cases invest their money in establishing that way of life upon a permanent basis, all of which must inevitably lead to the final conquest of Mexican culture by American money.

As the tourist incursion proceeds, American capital, spurred on by this new impetus, will expand in geometric progression across the Mexican horizon, converting Mexico into what is little more than an American colony. The Indian will become 'go-getterized'; he will develop a competitive psychology in place of his present coöperative one. And the communal basis upon which his culture was founded will have become completely corrupted by capitalist influence.

IV

A good illustration of how this process may work itself out in different fields can be seen in the contemplated capitalist project discussed last summer by several wealthy, enterprising tourists. The things which American tourists purchase in greatest abundance in Mexico are the handicraft products of the Indians; shawls, serapes, pottery, wallets, dolls, tiles, and a vast variety of colorful gewgaws and gadgets.

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'What we're going to do,' said the leader of the group, a bright-eyed, middle-aged man, with an egg-shaped head and one of those Bruce Barton 'man-nobody-knows' smiles, 'is organize the production of these articles. These dumb Indians don't know how to manage their own business. We're going to establish a handicraft exchange, where we'll buy up all their products, and then charge the tourists twice the price they pay for them now. That's the only way we can make a profit on them.'

'The next step,' said another chap, an ex-schoolteacher whose hands turned into talons as he spoke, and who had agreed to invest $10,000 in the project, 'is to get the Indians to work for us. We could set up factories where we could keep them busy all day long. Instead of producing just enough of these gewgaws to keep themselves alive, we could make them produce enough to put shoes on their feet.'

'Exactly!' exclaimed a third fellow, whose look was as brisk as his tongue. 'We'll elevate Mexico and make these Indians into human beings yet.'

At the present time, with the United States at a point where it is partially recovering from the depression, which means that in a little while it will have surplus capital which it *must* invest, there does not seem to be much chance for Mexico to escape the power and persuasion of American money and the fatal consequences which will inevitably follow in its wake.

V

In the eyes of many progressive-minded Mexicans, the only hope of avoiding this final conquest of Mexican culture by American money lies in Mexico's becoming a socialist nation. Only a socialist Mexico can save the Indian from developing a competitive psychology in place of his present co-operative one, preserve his indigenous, communal culture, and succeed in raising the standard of living of the agrarian populace without subjecting it to the long, cruel process of capitalist exploitation. The fact that Mexico has a government today which calls itself socialist causes many of those individuals to believe that such a hope has a sound basis in reality. What they fail to see is that, despite the nomenclature it has adopted in describing itself and its purpose, the Mexican government has done very little to encourage socialist enterprise, but a great deal to encourage capitalist enterprise. Capitalist controls in Mexico today are just as solid as they were ten years ago. Even Cardenas in his recent speech defying Calles upon the latter's return to Mexico declared that Mexico will not disturb existing property relations. What Mexico aims to do, Cardenas added, was to establish a decent government, free of all trace of graft or patronage. In other words, Cardenas is not a socialist, but a 'good government' man, and only a genuinely socialist political régime could achieve such a salvation.

The hope that by describing itself as socialist Mexico may save itself from going American is scarcely one on which to attach much faith. Mexico is not going through a socialist revolution, as the prevailing verbiage of the government would suggest, but a middle class, capitalist one. It is in a state today somewhat similar to that of the American Colonies prior to the Revolutionary War. Instead of being sub-

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ject to the Crown, as the American colonists were, it is subject to the economic pressures exerted by foreign capital, which owns the larger part of its resources and wealth. Mexican politics is not anti-capitalist but anti-foreign capitalist.

The Mexican government calls itself socialist, and its leaders frequently talk and write about the socialization of production, because it is only by such means that foreign capital, which is really big business in alliance with imperialism, can be removed from its present position of dictatorial influence. Revolutionary demagogy flourishes in Mexico not because the Mexican government believes in a working class revolution, but because it is a weapon against foreign capital. Foreign capital means imperialist capital, and the present Mexican government derives its main strength from the support of the workers, peasants, and small business men, all of whom are violently anti-imperialist, and, therefore, anti-foreign.

But such revolutionary demagogy will never be able to withstand the onslaught of this new American incursion, which, with the new investments, occupations, industries, and projects it will inspire and create, will make over the country in the American image without resort to soldiers or diplomacy. In all likelihood, the revolutionary jargon will disappear as rapidly as it arose, for it has no root in economic reality. Ideas do not, cannot, exist in a vacuum, and when a country tries to promulgate socialist ideas without trying to create socialist economics, which is what is happening in Mexico today, the result is bound to be disastrous. There can be no hope, therefore, that the present Mexican government, with its combination of capitalist economics and socialist demagogy, will ever be able to stay the Americanization process.

The result of the process will be that Mexico will be industrialized and commercialized far beyond its present state, and eventually the Indians on the farms as well as the workers in the factories will become part of the whole competitive structure. In a word, in less than a decade Mexico will have become irremediably Americanized. It will have better roads than it has ever had in its history; its trains will run on time; its populace will become less inefficient and more punctual—but the price it will pay will be the development of a high-pressure, go-getter psychology and the loss of its communal structure and ultimately of its whole revolutionary tradition.

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The author of this story, a university professor, is one of the most popular short story writers in China today.

The EGOIST

By CHANG TZU-PING
Translated by LIN YI-CHIN

From the *People's Tribune*
Shanghai English-language Monthly

NEARLY three years have passed since my wife and I and our child, Chü Erh, left my native place to live in S——. On arriving here I made the acquaintance of my wife's aunt and her daughter, Ch'un Ying. They lived together in a dark, dirty room in the Big Buddha Temple—the poorest district in town. Ch'un Ying was about thirty years old, and was employed in a bank on Jung Street. Both lived on her small salary, and Ch'un Ying used to say to my wife when visiting us: 'Mother is old and frequently ill. I shall never feel at ease if I leave her alone here while I go to another city.'

Ch'un Ying had become engaged eight years previously, but her fiancé's family was not well-to-do. He had gone to earn a living in M—— five years ago, and had not returned, but it was reported he was prospering, and had become the proprietor of a small shop, and well able to help Ch'un Ying.

'Ch'un Ying has wasted the best years of her life during his absence, and has long wished to be married. Just look at her eyes! Are they not craving for the conquering sex? Poor woman!' I laughingly said to my wife one day after Ch'un Ying had called.

'She longs to go to M——,' replied my wife, 'and hopes that I will consent to take care of her mother. No, I can't promise her . . . Chü Erh is quite enough for me, and besides . . .'

Chü Erh was only one year old, and Mei Hsien was expecting another child in a few months. Yes, I had often heard Ch'un Ying say to my wife: 'You have only one child, . . .' leaving the sentence unfinished, but I guessed it was a hint for us to take charge of her mother.

We sympathized with Ch'un Ying and pitied her, but could not have our aunt living with us for several reasons. Although a professor, I did not receive my salary regularly. My friend,

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Mr. W——, head of the Education Department of S—— University, had asked me to give some courses in psychology and logic. When I arrived there was some confusion in the University over the long disputed 'President' question, and I did not receive any remuneration for my services.

As I had my family to look after, and not enough money to start housekeeping independently, we shared Mr. W——'s house. He employed a nurse and cook, whose attitude toward my wife, Mei Hsien, became so intolerable that she wept and begged me to borrow money from a fellow townsman who ran a hospital here, so that we could start afresh on our own account. I did as she asked and was able to provide shelter for my family. The house was dark and small, yet it was far better than sharing a friend's house. I then received a part of the overdue salary, sufficient only to keep the three of us. This was one reason why we could not have our aunt living with us.

Moreover, Mei Hsien was not strong, and Chü Erh was naughty, and with another baby expected it would ruin Mei Hsien's health if she nursed our aunt, who was in bed practically every day. Secondly, our aunt had a peculiar temperament; accepting others' kindnesses and benefits, she not only refused to show gratitude, but was jealous of the happiness others enjoyed and never hesitated to show her displeasure. She was a most greedy woman, without will-power, and constantly pretended not to accept any kindness not offered willingly. It was this queer characteristic of hers that caused strained relations between her parents and her sister, my wife's mother. When only nineteen, as a student in a normal school, she had eloped with a teacher. I feared if she stayed with us such feeling of good-will as still existed between her and Mei Hsien would not last long.

The third reason we could not have our aunt with us was that Ch'un Ying worked daily at the bank, and her mother usually would take to her bed for five days, or even a week, at a time. When her illness became serious, and Ch'un Ying was not home, a monk in the Temple would come and ask Mei Hsien to nurse her. Sometimes she would be kept there until ten or eleven o'clock at night, but on recovering her aunt would behave as if nothing had happened, and never expressed appreciation to Mei Hsien. Ch'un Ying seemed to inherit this peculiar trait from her mother, and often, when the latter caught only a slight chill, sent for Mei Hsien. When Mei Hsien arrived there, Ch'un Ying would have many tasks to occupy her all day. Our poor little Chü Erh, having eaten the biscuits left for her, cried for her mother, and although tired and exhausted after my work, I wearily made my way, carrying Chü Erh, to the Temple to call for Mei Hsien. This was the chief reason I disliked Ch'un Ying and her mother. Doctor's fees and medicines we became responsible for, but never did Ch'un Ying express the slightest gratitude.

'What responsibility have I toward this aunt of my wife?' I asked myself. 'She is not my mother-in-law. My wife's aunt and I have no connection with each other. Why should I sacrifice my happiness and family for her? Ch'un Ying and her mother trouble us, yet take it as nothing, but seem

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to think we should serve and support them. It is unreasonable! . . .' The more I thought this way, the more I disliked them. Finally I regretted ever coming to S—— and made plans to move farther away from the Big Buddha Temple.

Perhaps Mei Hsien had already noticed my animosity toward her aunt; she, too, did not hesitate to express her feelings:—

'I am willing to leave them, too. Although she is my aunt, she does not love me and has not been particularly kind. Unfortunately, I cannot think of any excuse to refuse to help them when they come to us.'

Although speaking this way between ourselves, we did not refuse their request for a loan at the month's end. The doctor's bill, rice-dealer's bill, and fuel bill were all charged to us, and we even had to pay for the hire of their rickshaws.

II

One wintry day the monk reported that our aunt was seriously ill, and I followed him to the Temple. Not a sound could be heard in the small dark room, which was so cold it chilled me when I stepped inside.

'Run to the hospital and say we have a serious case. Hurry up!' Having thus despatched the monk, I went to the kitchen and discovered there was neither rice nor fuel.

I called Jung Erh, a young monk in the Temple, and asked him to have some rice and charcoal delivered.

My aunt apparently had heard me coming, and turned toward me, smiling sadly. This was the first time she had ever smiled at me. The sight of the dirty mosquito-net, ragged mattress, and thin quilt tore at my heart-strings.

'Aunt, let me get some new bedding for you,' I said.

'Thank you . . .' she uttered the words in a faint voice, and again smiled sadly at me.

As I left the Temple and trod the snowy path, homeward bound, I felt very happy at having performed an act of benevolence. The unkind feelings I had nursed toward Ch'un Ying and her mother vanished, and a glow of self-satisfaction came over me.

An inner voice spoke to me, saying: 'You didn't consent to buy winter clothes for Mei Hsien and a woolen coat for Chü Erh. Where will the money come from to provide bedding for your aunt?' The snowflakes were brushing against my face, and I was reminded that my wife's winter outfit was not yet made. Therefore I could not help regretting my rash promise, made so hastily.

Our aunt began to get a little better and my wife also gained weight. We decided to move farther away from the Big Buddha Temple, and before New Year's Day we took a house across the river. This move affected me the most, since I had to use the ferry to get to school every morning at seven o'clock, no matter what the weather. Later I began to wish we had not moved, for whenever the monk visited us on behalf of our aunt, I had to pay his ferry fare!

One stormy night he came to say my aunt's old complaint had again attacked her, and intimated the end was near. I could not refuse to go with him to see her, and followed him to the Temple. On our way my umbrella was broken by the strong wind; the rain soaked through my

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shoes and coat; my feet were as cold as if made of ice.

'She must have been my bitter adversary in the other world! If she died tonight, it would be a blessing, not only to us, but also to her daughter. Once for all! Be patient tonight!' I said to myself. As I followed the monk, hatred toward my aunt reached its height.

'Have you called the doctor yet?' I asked.

As he replied 'No,' we took a circuitous route to the hospital to get one.

Then we went to the Temple, where the patient was sitting on her bed, laughing and crying as if experiencing a nightmare. She was just like a witch, and her daughter sat quivering in a corner, looking terribly frightened. I could hear the older woman saying:—

'Father promised to give me a thousand dollars, but now I have not a cent . . . Sister is selfish. As long as she herself is all right, she no longer cares for her younger sister. Human beings are cruel; they wish their fellow-creatures to die. . . . Oh! terrible, terrible!'

What else she said became almost unintelligible. All her remarks were complaints of either Heaven's or man's maltreatment. Her face was very pale, and when uttering the word 'terrible' she quivered at seeing our shadows on the wall, seeming to think they were ghosts.

'She must have imagined she saw something,' I thought as I looked at her face. She had eloped with her teacher and lived with him three years, and the fruit of their love was Ch'un Ying. Not long after Ch'un Ying's birth the teacher went to find a position in a neighboring district, and our aunt fell in love with another man and fled with her new lover and Ch'un Ying. The teacher loved her dearly, and had made sacrifices both material and spiritual for her sake. He was so hurt at her unfaithfulness that he committed suicide, and I was sure that what she now saw, in fancy, was his spirit.

'I am afraid it is hopeless. There is no other way but to try an injection,' said the doctor, trying to evade his responsibilities. Ch'un Ying cried at the doctor's report, and I worked hard the whole night through, helping Ch'un Ying to nurse her mother.

Two days later we heard that she had made a complete recovery, and I could not help suspecting her illness had been feigned. In spite of the doctor's repeated advice not to eat much, she constantly asked me to buy baked cakes, and, as I thought she was bound to die sooner or later, I bought them. She ate them with a childish gaiety, and did not act at all like an invalid.

III

My wife told me that Ch'un Ying was very eager to go to M——, as she had received several letters from her fiancé urging her to go there. One day she came to us, and it being a Sunday I was at home.

'Mother is better now. . . . If I go on looking after her like this, I don't know how it will end. I have decided to take a trip to M——, but . . .' She meant to convey the meaning that she would like her mother to live with us, but could not bring herself to make such a bold suggestion.

'Is your mother going with you?' I asked with some malicious intention

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of my own. At that she withheld what she had been going to say.

'The monks said they could look after her. I shall send money every month,' she said, seeing her hopes of getting us to take the responsibility dashed.

We saw her depart disappointed, and felt as uneasy as if we were thieves. The following Sunday we visited our aunt, to find out what she intended doing after Ch'un Ying's departure.

'Ah, that matters little. She should have gone earlier. It's all my fault. When she is gone, I am not going to trouble you either.' She used her mocking tone, and as we were not in the mood to stay, we bade her good-bye.

On the day Ch'un Ying left, my wife gave her a woolen coat, a dozen towels, and two cans of tea as presents. Two months passed, and we received no word of her from M——. Four months after Ch'un Ying's departure our second child was born, and during the following two months we did not see our aunt.

It was six months since Ch'un Ying had left for M——. After Mei Hsien recovered, she called several times on her aunt. It seemed that Ch'un Ying had not only neglected to write to us, but had also ignored her mother. One night a postcard came to us from our aunt, saying she was again ill, and that as the money Ch'un Ying had sent had been spent, she wished to know if we could make a loan. The next day I went to see her myself, and found that the mosquito-net, quilt, and sheet which I had bought for her last winter were gone. The weather was milder, and what she had on her bed was a ragged red blanket, an old net, and a mattress—the only new thing. These were all her possessions; there was no furniture, and I began to think Ch'un Ying had not sent any money.

I gave her ten dollars, all I had with me, but she did not thank me. She only said: 'I take this money for the time being. When Ch'un Ying's remittance comes, . . .' I was so upset at hearing this that I went straight off to school without saying another word.

IV

Only a few days had passed when the monk was calling on us again.

'More than ten letters have been written to Ch'un Ying. Not only is there no remittance but no answer. You are her only relatives here. Of course, we cannot expect your aunt to pay the rent, but the board fee for the past half-year . . .' The monk paused, and then went on, 'If you are not able to take care of her, may we send her to the poorhouse? I have come to know your decision.'

I gave the monk some money and asked him to wait one or two weeks more, since it required at least two weeks for mail to reach M—— and a reply to be received. After the monk had gone, I wrote an indignant letter to Ch'un Ying. I was very angry, and my letter, written hastily, was a bit too hot in tone. Two weeks later Ch'un Ying's answer came. She said she was going to have a child in the near future and could not return to fetch her mother to live with her for the present. Further, she said that in about two months' time she would be able to take care of her mother, and finally she hoped that meanwhile her brother-in-law would look after her

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mother—she always called me 'brother-in-law.'

This was indeed a difficult problem. What could I say to society if I sent our aunt to the poorhouse? Besides, it would hurt Mei Hsien's honor. I could think of no other way but to take the woman into our house. Several months passed; there was still no news from Ch'un Ying, and our aunt's illness became more serious. Whilst living with us, she was ill every four or five days, and became unconscious, so that Mei Hsien was kept busy all day. When well, she would occupy Mei Hsien's time, conversing about things of no interest to anyone. When good-tempered, she limped to the kitchen to eat anything that took her fancy.

At last came an opportunity of sending her away. A letter from M—— said that Ch'un Ying had had a child a month previously, and when our aunt heard the news she wanted to go to her daughter. After receiving the glad tidings she became semi-conscious, crying, with her grandchild's name on her lips.

'As she is so eager to see her daughter and grandson we had better send her,' I said to my wife, and, after several discussions, we decided to do so. Of course, my motive was not merely to satisfy her; it was pure selfishness. But I could not reveal this to Mei Hsien.

We packed up her few belongings, and the day came for her to leave. The night before we feared the possibility of her departure being delayed if she became suddenly ill. When the time came for her to go, it was raining, but we almost dragged her to the station.

'What if she should die on the way, and they send her back in a coffin?' This new possibility weighed on our minds after we had seen her go. Her physique was weak, and whether she would reach her destination safely was a problem. After her departure we would stay up until late, imagining what might happen on her journey. During these days a dark shadow followed me, and I constantly felt my conscience reproaching me for my action.

'It is you who have hastened your aunt's untimely death,' said my conscience, which did not allow me to pass even half a day happily.

'She went because she longed to see her daughter and grandchild. Even if she died on the way, she would be happy and without regrets.' Thus I tried to overcome my self-reproach, but the dark shadow was still present.

Three weeks later we received a letter saying that our aunt had arrived safely, and held her grandchild in her arms every day, and was so happy that tears of joy flowed freely. Ch'un Ying did not express any gratitude to us for looking after her mother.

Two months later our aunt died, and it seemed as if we had indeed hastened her to the grave. If we had not sent her away, but had nursed her, she might have lived one or two years longer. Without doubt we had murdered her. We were poor, but it had not been beyond our power to support her a little longer. What we disliked was the trouble caused when she was ill, but even this, with patience, was not altogether intolerable.

I realized I was without the spirit of self-sacrifice and kindness. If I had not entertained friends, or had not bought a lot of worthless books, I

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would have had enough money to keep our aunt. Which one of us would not like to live a few days longer than our allotted span? It had been in my power to prolong the old lady's life, and yet blunderingly I had misused it. My selfishness and anxiety concerning the happiness of my family had caused me to hasten her end, and, while abhorring the dreadful thought, I must admit my guilt.

We did not know how Ch'un Ying would greet us if she came again, but at any rate she would be kindly received, so that our sense of guilt at the maltreatment of her mother might be lessened.

Six months passed, which lengthened to a year, and still no message came from her. We could not help thinking that Ch'un Ying was a woman who readily forgot the kindnesses shown her. But what true kindness had we rendered?

V

On the second anniversary of our aunt's death Ch'un Ying visited us unexpectedly with her son. The child was bonny and had a skin as fair as his mother's, but his clothes were old and dirty.

After exchanging greetings, she frankly asked for a loan. We learned that she had divorced her husband, who had only given her enough money to pay for the trip to visit us. Afterwards, I heard the child was illegitimate. It seems that on her journey to M—— she met a broker, who had been entrusted by her fiancé to escort her, and with whom she had improper relations, and this subsequently led to the divorce.

Poor unfortunate child! As I looked at Ch'un Ying's son and compared Chü Erh with him, I felt my own child was far more fortunate; I was sorry for Ch'un Ying's child and wanted to give him some of Chü Erh's toys. As Ch'un Ying kept praising her child, and said nothing about my little son—Chü Erh was out with the amah, and the younger child was sleeping—her selfishness again kindled my dislike, and I was determined not to give financial assistance. It so happened I had no ready money, but I could easily have borrowed twenty dollars.

Her small eyes, cold and cruel; her greedy and obstinate nature; and her pale face, showing no sign of kindness—all these reminded me of her late mother.

'You are all my bitter adversaries in the other world. Unless you all die, I shall not spend one happy day.' As I recalled these words of her mother I felt a strange uneasiness at the sight of her, and went upstairs, leaving Mei Hsien and Ch'un Ying chatting.

After dinner Ch'un Ying departed with her child, and I went on the balcony and observed the awkward way she held him. He cried over her shoulder, saying that he did not want to go home.

'Mamma will buy sweet cakes for Ah Keng,' that being his name. 'Don't cry! Mamma will buy sweet cakes for you.'

A sentimental mood came over me. If that woman was Mei Hsien, and the child Chü Erh, what a tragedy it would be! I descended the stairs and rejoined Mei Hsien.

'Is she really so poor?' I asked.

'She said she hadn't eaten beef for many days. Didn't you see that her child wanted to stay here?'

'Yes, her stockings were very dirty.

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I am afraid she has only one pair. As she used to look neat and tidy, she would have changed those stockings if she had others. It has been raining several days, therefore she can't wash them.'

How selfish we were! Now she was really in difficulties, we took her as a topic for conversation.

'Did she say where she lived?' I asked Mei Hsien.

'She lives in the fourth lane on San Sze Street, but she was not explicit about her address.'

'Did she tell you in whose house she lives?' On hearing she lived in San Sze Street, I was suspicious about the life she was leading.

'She didn't say in whose house. Probably she rents one herself. She did not seem eager for us to have her address, and seemed to be hiding something from me. She is probably living with a man.'

'This is the result of her parents' sin. Had your aunt not separated from her husband, Ch'un Ying would have been respectable. Because her mother lived in sin, Ch'un Ying followed suit.'

'Poor creature! She is in distressed circumstances,' Mei Hsien sighed.

'How can we provide for her? If I consent to help once, she would expect it again. That is why I promptly refused when she mentioned a loan.'

I thought if my suspicion was correct regarding the life Ch'un Ying was leading, she must be very miserable. She came begging help—the first time after her mother's death—and we cruelly refused assistance. The more I thought about her, the more I reproached myself. Without saying anything to Mei Hsien, I went out. There is nothing I dread more than borrowing money from friends. I would rather be slapped in the face than to ask for a loan. Last year, when my family had typhoid fever and I could not meet the doctor's bill, it was only after calling on several friends and receiving insults that I eventually obtained seven or eight dollars. After that experience, I vowed never to borrow. But for Ch'un Ying's sake I was prepared to break that vow.

VI

Having secured thirty dollars from a colleague, I made my way to San Sze Street just after the sun had set. I counted the lanes, and at the corners stood heavily-painted women. I became uneasy and was tempted to turn back, but the thought of my mission made me anxious to reach my destination.

I went into the fourth lane, from which a foul odor emanated. There were over seventy houses in the lane, and it was growing dark. I enquired of the people in the first house where Ch'un Ying lived. Standing in the hall were three women with painted faces; one was still making up, another was changing her clothes, and the third was admiring herself before a mirror. A fourth was dressed and, observing me, said in a loud voice: 'Please come in and take a chair.'

I took off my hat and said, reddening to the ears:—

'I am very sorry to trouble you, but I want to find a woman named Ch'un Ying. Do you know where she lives?'

The woman ceased to smile on hearing that I had come to look for someone else.

'Ma, anybody here called Ch'un Ying?' At her question a woman

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about fifty emerged, nodded at me, and smilingly said:—

'There is no one of that name among the girls here. Is she a newcomer?'

'She may not be one of your girls. She came from M—— with a child. She is about thirty.'

At this description she replied: 'Ah, you mean Lao T'ae, who lives at No. 27. You count from the end; it is the fourteenth house.'

I thanked them and went away, and heard them say laughingly:—

'Perhaps he is an old friend of hers! She has scarcely had a patron for a month, but last night she had a brewer. Is not Fortune smiling on her? What a handsome fellow is visiting her today!'

Although I was unwilling to hear their chatter, curiosity compelled me to listen. So she had come back some time ago! She was indeed miserable, since she had been unwilling to come to our house. Apparently she thought her profession would not bring sufficient money to support herself and child! It was only after the situation looked black that she came to us, and I had denied help because she had no kind words for our children! I felt I had been most cruel and unfeeling. A voice within me said: 'You see how she thinks of her duty toward the child! Compare yourself with her!' Remorseful tears filled my eyes.

When I arrived at Ch'un Ying's house, she met me with tears trickling down her cheeks, and sobbed:—

'I came here three months ago. Oh! cruel fate! I dared not go to Mei Hsien's house. . . .' She leaned against the door, and I said, trying to cheer her:—

'Don't feel too badly about things. You had better leave this place, and we'll try to make you happy.' I almost cried; I could find no words to console her. She said:—

'I was planning to go to my native town, and this morning I visited you to borrow money for traveling expenses.'

'It will be all right if you are going to your native place, and will be frank with me afterwards. If ever you are in need, write, and I will try to give assistance if I possibly can. Everything will be all right when the child grows up.'

I could not remain longer, and gave her twenty dollars out of the thirty in my possession.

'I am afraid I can never repay your kindness in this life.' Ch'un Ying bent her head, the tears still falling. Words of gratitude I had scarcely expected from her flowed generously from her lips, although on hearing them a sharp dagger seemed to pierce my bosom. My cheeks burned, and I wondered whether such a selfish, cruel creature as myself was worthy to receive such thanks and be called a benefactor?

On leaving San Sze Street I felt light-hearted and carefree, as if relieved of a heavy burden. My mind was at ease. Snow began to fall when I reached Jung Street, and with the remaining ten dollars I bought a woolen coat for Chü Erh, a few yards of cloth, and a bundle of cotton for Mei Hsien to make herself winter clothes. Two years ago Mei Hsien had asked me to buy garments for the cold weather. I had not only refused, but told her she was not old enough to wear the clothes she wanted. After shopping, I had dinner in a restaurant. When the bill was settled, I found there were still eight silver coins and

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ten coppers jingling in my pocket. I thought myself a rich man; as a rule I disliked people who rode in motor-cars, but today I did not mind. Usually on the ferry there were soldiers and capitalists whom I detested, but now they did not look as revolting as formerly.

I had still a few dark streets to pass before reaching home. The wine had intoxicated me somewhat, and I found the walk in the snow quite pleasant. Near the wharf I saw a coolie pulling a heavy cart, gasping for breath. Putting my parcel on the cart, I pushed from the rear with all my strength. Startled by the sudden lightening of his load and the increasing speed of the cart, the coolie turned around to find out the cause.

'Ha, ha, ha!' I laughed.

'Thank you, sir,' said he, smiling and bowing.

'Where are you going?'

'To Wei Hsin Street.'

'Then we are both going the same way.'

'Are you going there too, sir?'

'Yes, let's go! Hurry up!'

He pulled and I pushed, and we rapidly passed one street after another, and soon reached Wei Hsin Street, where we parted in good spirits.

'I've never met such a good man as yourself, sir,' he said on parting from me, bowing repeatedly. This was the first time I had heard anyone call me a 'good man.'

VII

I entered my house; the wine still had its effect, and my cheeks were burning. The door was opened by our amah, and I hurried to my wife's room, where I found her mending Chü Erh's clothes. I threw the things I had purchased for her and Chü Erh on to the table. Mei Hsien hardly had time to rise before I embraced her, kissing her cheeks many times.

'Are you mad? . . . You smell of wine!' she cried, but a smile spread over her face. When she saw the purchases made for Chü Erh and herself, her smile expanded, and she carefully inspected the coat and examined the cloth under the light of the lamp.

'Where have you been? Where did you obtain the money for these things?' she smilingly asked as she sat beside me. 'Are you tired of me? You look so displeased these days.' Her eyes were sparkling like diamonds.

'What do you mean, Mei Hsien? I shall love you until I die; I'll love you even after death.' And so saying I laid an arm around her shoulders.

'Is it really true you are not tired of me? Without you the whole world would be empty!' She could not keep back the tears, and I tried to comfort her by saying:—

'Since we married, you have worked hard for me, Mei Hsien; I am the one who should be remorseful. Who besides yourself can have my love?'

'No, no, I just love work. I am willing to work if you will really love me forever!' With tears in her eyes, she threw herself on my bosom and clung to me like a child.

'Wake up Chü Erh so that I may see her in this new coat,' I said in my enthusiasm, wanting to hold the child in my arms.

'Wait until tomorrow, as it is very cold tonight and she may catch a chill. Once awakened, she won't go to sleep for hours,' Mei Hsien reasoned with me.

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'Do you feel true happiness in such a poor family as ours?' I asked. 'Not until tonight did I realize happiness.'

'I am happy as long as I have you and the children with me; yes, I am very happy,' said Mei Hsien, blushing shyly, like a young maiden.

Chü Erh and Loh Erh were dreaming. Mei Hsien slept beside Loh Erh, enjoying her dreams with a smile on her face, knowing she had perfect confidence in her husband. As I looked at these three poor souls, I thought they had put too much confidence in one as selfish and cruel as myself. I felt I was not good enough to be her husband and their father. Mei Hsien used to say to me:—

'If you die, I'll follow you.' This is a common saying among Chinese women. But she would not lie. What if she died before me? Even if I did not marry again, I could not destroy myself. There was a great difference between her love and mine. Mei Hsien knew that herself. She did not expect me to love her as she loved me. She was contented if I only loved her a little.

Material for winter clothes succeeded in driving away sorrows, and she slept peacefully. 'Poor Mei Hsien, although married to a selfish man you craved my love, and I, cruel and selfish, almost killed your affection by giving you only a little in return, when you promised me your life.' I had only been interested in my own affairs, neglecting those who loved me; not only Ch'un Ying's tears, but those of Mei Hsien failed to make me compassionate.

While I was musing beneath the glow of the lamp, Loh Erh began to whimper—a cry which sounded like music to my ears! I looked at Mei Hsien's sleepy eyes. As she fed Loh Erh she whispered:—

'What time is it? Why are you not in bed?' She looked at me, smiled, and closed her eyes.

OH! HAPPY DOGS

By Stevie Smith

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London Independent Weekly of the Left

Oh happy dogs of England
Bark well as well you may
If you lived anywhere else
You would not be so gay.

Oh happy dogs of England
Bark well at errand boys
If you lived anywhere else
You would not be allowed to make such an infernal noise.

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Here is a German émigré's appraisal of the Fascist peril in Scandinavia.

'Eternal Democracy' *in* Scandinavia

By WALTER HELD

Translated from the *Europäische Hefte*
Prague German-Emigré Weekly

THE GREAT wave of Fascism which threatens to bury the entire continent is apparently leaving Scandinavia undisturbed, a paradise of social peace. Such 'solidly' democratic countries as the Netherlands and Switzerland are already being drawn into the maelstrom; but the political conditions in Scandinavia seem to remain firm. It may be questioned whether the victory of Fascism even in France would be likely to change the situation to any great extent. A victory of Fascism in England, however, might sound the death knell of pacifist democracy in the northern peninsula.

Whence the relative stability of the democratic form of government in the three Scandinavian kingdoms? Why is it that the working-class movement, in its reformist-socialist form, here holds so strong and seemingly so invincible a position, while the same political trend has successively gone down to more or less miserable defeat in Italy, Germany, Austria and Spain?

In socialist émigré circles, which today look toward Scandinavia as, besides England, their last stronghold, matters are often represented as though Scandinavian politicians had realized democratic socialism with a special skill along evolutionary lines. Liberals, on the other hand, see in the pacifist tradition of the Nordic nations —Sweden and Norway have remained untouched by any sort of war-like struggle since 1812, Denmark since 1866—a sufficiently strong inoculation against the Fascist civil war psychosis. The facts contradict both of these explanations. Shipping, commerce, trade, and agriculture in Scandinavia remain in undisturbed private possession under the Royal Labor Governments. Moreover, the rapid growth of the Fascist movement in Holland furnishes a convincing example that even pacifist nations which remained

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neutral in recent wars are not immune to Fascism.

Now it is a fact verified by experience that the Fascist wave is an effect of the economic crisis. Germany, which had economically suffered most in the World War and the ensuing disturbances, was altogether unable to defend herself against the crisis. The second, larger wave now threatens to engulf France, the Netherlands and Switzerland—countries exposed to the effects of the crisis because of their firm support of the gold standard. Though Belgium now has joined the countries with devalued currencies, and has experienced a modest upswing as a belated consequence, she may have to be counted among the countries enumerated. A renewed economic crisis threatening the now prosperous countries of the sterling bloc would, without doubt seriously shake political democracy in all these countries. It is not bourgeois democracy that can meet Fascism in the countries seized by the crisis, but only active Socialism. So long as this path is not followed under competent leadership, one country after another of those gripped by the crisis will fall victim to Fascism.

Scandinavia by no means disproves this thesis. An examination of the relative stability of democracy in Scandinavia will show that the economic crisis has hit these countries to a far lesser extent than the countries of central Europe.

In Sweden and Denmark the crisis did not begin to be felt until 1931. Danish exports of high-grade agricultural products did not suffer until the drastic German embargo and the enormous fall in the level of these prices began in 1935. Sweden, too, did not suffer considerable disturbances until 1931. Norway, which by reason of her extensive shipping interests is more sensitive to the movements of the world market, suffered somewhat more severely; the latter country, indeed, plays to a certain extent the rôle of stepchild in the economic life of the three northern states.

All three Scandinavian countries are intimately bound to England, as well as to Germany, through a close system of economic inter-relations; and during the years of the crisis Germany's default gave the balance of power to England: Norway's merchant marine is for the most part in British service, and almost two-thirds of Denmark's agricultural exports now go to England. Obviously, therefore, the foreign exchange of the Scandinavian nations must slavishly follow every movement of the pound. This policy made it possible for the Scandinavian countries to take part in the recovery which, beginning in 1932, fell to the lot of the states with devalued currencies at the expense of the countries still on the gold standard. England prefers to buy her bacon and her butter with devalued Danish Kronen instead of expensive Netherland Guilders. The same is true for the services of the Norwegian merchant marine, as well as for important portions of Swedish exports.

II

The sole Scandinavian country where the business situation shows a 'normal' upswing is Sweden, for here the present index of industrial production far exceeds that of the boom year of 1929, and even the number of unemployed is considerably lower than in 1929—a sign that Sweden has not

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yet been invaded by American efficiency. It is true that in Denmark, too, the index of industrial production has risen over that of 1929, but this upswing, as we shall show, has strings to it. Next to the Soviet Union, Sweden seems to be the only country in the world that has experienced an industrial upswing without touching her reserves; on the contrary, she has increased her national wealth.

The secret of the Swedish boom is to be found chiefly in the fact that it is a war boom. Swedish exports of iron ore and other raw materials for the armament industry (chiefly to Germany, but also to England and to other nations that are rearming) are growing by leaps and bounds. Swedish iron ore exports in 1934 were a full hundred per cent higher than in 1933, when they had already shown a considerable increase over 1932. The revenues from these increased exports serve to stimulate domestic economy, such as building, etc. The building boom, for example, has reached such dimensions that there is today a shortage of labor in the Swedish building trades. A protective tariff has promoted the rise of a finished-goods industry to supply the domestic demand (textiles, leather, etc.). Besides the protective tariff, it is, above all, Sweden's distance from highly developed industrial countries with the resulting saving in transportation costs that has favored the rise of a consumer's-goods industry, even though on a low technical level. At the same time Sweden's financial situation is highly favorable. The annual balance of payments shows great surpluses and capital is available far beyond domestic needs. Sweden thus is seeking profitable fields for foreign investment. In the past year loans were made to Finland, Norway and Iceland, among others.

Swedish farmers, chiefly the owners of estates and the large enterprises, have their part too in the fruits of the boom. Tariffs insure a high domestic price level. A tax on butter substitutes and a law requiring butter admixture guarantee the market for butter. The State purchases at high prices grain that finds no buyer in the open market. Thus the big Swedish farmers, the entrepreneurs and the labor aristocracy have every reason to be satisfied with the socialist government of Per Albin Hansson.

To be sure, in Sweden, too, there are dissatisfied strata—the lower paid workers and the poor farmers who chiefly feel the disadvantages of Hansson's price policy. But the radicalization of these strata proceeds for the time being only to the Left. It is from these strata that the independent socialists, led by Kilbom, and the Swedish section of the Comintern receive their modest increases. (Incidentally, the Swedish Communist Party is the only one of any significance among the three Scandinavian Comintern sections; in Norway and Denmark the influence of the Communist party is non-existent.) The mighty organization of the Swedish social democracy, which receives almost fifty per cent of the votes at elections, rests above all on the truly broad stratum of the labor aristocracy in well-paid industries and trades. It is extremely conservative and has never denied its reformist character. During the World War it conducted (under the leadership of Hjalmar Branting and against the opposition of the Swedish nobility, which stood for participation

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on the German side) a policy that was openly friendly to the Entente and which was to the advantage of the industrial and commercial bourgeoisie. It continued this policy after the October Revolution and the Peace of Versailles. Today it limits the workers' right to strike by a series of reactionary laws, and thus is preparing the way for its opposition to the working class—for a day of a new crash when the workers, because of the policy of their own party, will be unable to fight for the maintenance of their living standard.

It is obvious that the successes of the Swedish social democracy depend on the boom, not *vice versa*. Sweden's socialist government, whose success is based on the international preparations for war, can hardly weather a serious decline in the economic situation.

III

Denmark, too, seems to be experiencing an industrial boom. If the index of industrial production for 1931 is taken as 100, by March of last year it had risen steadily to 119. (Figures taken from the Danish quarterly, *Œkonomi og Politik*.) The number of unemployed likewise has been decreasing steadily—apart from seasonal unemployment in the building industry. Denmark's socialist Premier Stauning, however, has no reason to be as satisfied as his Swedish colleague.

The Danish industrial boom, like the Swedish one, rests upon tendencies toward autarchy. Whereas Denmark was formerly satisfied to process and export her agricultural products while importing the essential portion of her industrial finished-goods, she has during the crisis begun to build up her own finished-goods industry, with the help of protective tariffs. Sweden has the good fortune to be able to finance increased raw material imports for such a finished-goods industry through increased imports of other raw materials. Denmark, however, is in no such favored position. Denmark's most important export products, butter and bacon, have taken a steep fall in price. While in 1929 Denmark received 302 Kronen for a hundred kilograms of butter and 260 Kronen for 100 kilograms of bacon, the corresponding prices today are 172 and 152 Kronen. To this must be added the devaluation of the Krone in the amount of approximately fifty per cent which has meanwhile taken place, bringing the actual fall in the price of butter to more than seventy per cent.

Thus falling prices, decrease in the volume of agricultural export, and simultaneously increased raw material imports have combined to put the Danish balance of trade deeply in the red, so deeply that the balance of payments cannot make up for it. Moreover, the devaluation of the Krone has led to an increase in the burden of interest payments, whereas precisely the opposite effect resulted in Sweden, which exports capital. Thus the Danish industrial boom is leading to an increasing foreign indebtedness of Danish banks. In 1931 the banks still had at their disposal foreign credits to the modest amount of three million Kronen. In 1935 they owed 107 million Kronen. It is clear that this development must lead to a crisis, likely to be brought to a head when the supply of the artificially nurtured domestic industry exceeds the domestic demand and when the interest

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load can no longer be supported by the Danish economy.

While Albin Hansson is able to live at peace with the Swedish farmers, there is in Denmark a chasm between city and country which is steadily widening. Stauning's policy has led to a dilemma: the farmers, already suffering under the enormous fall in the price level of their products, are compelled to pay higher prices for industrial finished-goods. (Thus in Denmark there is a development opposite to that in Germany, where the dilemma arises from the fact that agricultural products are kept at a price level three times that of the world market, all to the benefit of the East-Elbian Junkers.) Furthermore, the crisis has strongly emphasized the parasitic features of Danish economy. More than ten per cent of the Danish population is living on unearned income, and Danish agricultural property is on an average covered with mortgages up to seventy-five per cent of its value.

All this has resulted in a growing dissatisfaction of the farmers with the socialist government. Last summer the largest farmer organization, the 'L. S.' (Landbrugernes Sammenslutning—United Front of Farmers), to which about eighty per cent of all Danish farmers are affiliated, organized a demonstration in Copenhagen directed against the Stauning government. About 40,000 farmers took part. The demonstrators did not present their demands to the Government, but to the King, thus signalizing the danger that the monarchy in Scandinavia is still in a position to play an important reactionary rôle. A further increase of the agricultural crisis and of the discrepancy in prices might well serve to radicalize farther the farmers' movement, which is already threatening a producers' strike and similar tactics. The danger of a reactionary uprising in Denmark, which might take the character of the Lapua movement in Finland, is quite serious. It is true that the results of the election show an increase of power for the Socialists, but this does not affect the latent danger of Fascism.

IV

Norway's economic situation never was as favorable as that of the other two Scandinavian countries. Geographical obstacles obstruct her agricultural development. The exploitation of existing iron ore is far less profitable than in Sweden. Though Norway is exceedingly sparsely populated, she has the largest number of emigrants of all the Scandinavian countries. Norwegian farmers never had at their disposal such enormous sources of revenue as the farmers of Denmark. The real wage level of Norwegian workers is below that of the Danish and Swedish. Industry in Norway developed late. Modern branches of industry, such as the electrical, at once came to the fore. The Norwegian industrial working class was torn from agricultural life only during the last or even the present generation.

All these features give to the Norwegian working-class movement a more radical character than that seen in the neighboring countries. Add to this the fact that the Norwegian bourgeoisie, which could work up enthusiasm neither over the German unrestricted submarine warfare nor over the British import restrictions, preserved a strictly neutral stand during

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the war, permitting the Norwegian Labor Party to take an internationalist attitude without great effort. Almost the entire party in Norway (disregarding the entirely isolated central executive) was for Zimmerwald and Liebknecht.

This attitude toward the War produced a similar attitude toward the Russian Revolution, which found an enthusiastic echo in Norway. The entire Norwegian Labor Party became a section of the Third International. When the revolutionary mood of the post-War period petered out, radicalism in Norway languished too. In 1923 the majority of the Party left the Comintern. Since 1927 the Communist splinter party has lost all significance. The Labor Party, however, retained a radical viewpoint as compared with Danish-Swedish reformism, and yet down to the present day it has not joined the Second International. During the crisis, the Norwegian Labor Party became by far the strongest party of the land, because of its seemingly fundamental opposition to capitalism.

However, when the Norwegian labor leaders took over the government in 1935 and were faced with the solution of actual problems, they too could think of nothing better than to imitate the 'safe' policy of Danish and Swedish reformists. The international decline of the revolutionary wing of socialism, the turning of the Comintern toward the extreme right of reformism—these without doubt were the decisive reasons why the once radical Norwegian Labor Party coördinated itself with the Danish-Swedish social conservatives. Thus a deepening of the crisis in Norway might there, too, lead the disappointed masses of the poor farmers and fishermen to turn from the Labor Party and give Fascism a chance.

Scandinavia is by no means as completely outside the political struggles and contrasts of our time as it seems. Nor is the stability of the Nordic democracy absolute. With a certain historical lag and with certain modifications, capitalism here is creating the same spasms as in the highly industrialized countries of the continent. This, naturally, does not imply that Scandinavia must fall victim to Fascism. Western Europe as yet is by no means lost. Here, as there, everything depends upon the possibility of infusing new life into socialism.

Bombs certainly have been dropped, but in so thinly populated a country it is still legitimate to hope that their purpose was intended to be punitive rather than terrorizing.

—*Discovery*, London

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BOOKS ABROAD

A HISTORY OF EUROPE. *By H. A. L. Fisher. Volume III. The Liberal Experiment. London: Eyre and Spottiswoode. 1935.*

(From the *Times Literary Supplement*, London)

WRITING the history of all Europe from its beginnings, Mr. Fisher devotes a third of his space to the last one hundred and fifty years. His concluding volume opens with the French Revolution and closes with the dictatorships set up in Europe after the War. The arrangement is a challenge to thought, and a challenge all the more notable because it issues from an historian whose range is as wide as his judgment is measured. To those intellectuals, indeed, who style themselves advanced because they have given a new twist to an old fallacy and think that they can interpret history in terms of a formula, Mr. Fisher's division of his material will appear inevitable. For them the clue to history lies in capitalism, as for their spiritual fathers it lay in geography; and since capitalism had its past in the Roman Empire, began its modern development in the seventeenth century and attained its full hideousness in the nineteenth, they will find it perfectly appropriate that rather over 400 of the historian's 1,200 pages should be devoted to the age which exploited the great inventions. But Mr. Fisher, a thorough Liberal alike in his scholarship and in his outlook, is by no means of their way of thinking.

'It would be too great a simplification of issues to regard the European story as nothing but a struggle of classes, a clash of economic interests. That would be to underrate the rich and varied stuff of human nature, the distractions of statesmen and the waywardness of events.'

The whole book is an expansion of this doctrine. The materialistic conception of history is never paid the compliment of a critical exposure, but Mr. Fisher is ready enough to call attention to the disasters attendant upon so imperfect a grasp of facts. Napoleon for example was himself a victim of the 'idealogy' which in another form he despised; for 'what was formidable and ultimately ruinous to Napoleon was the fact that, drawn by the mirage of a universal blockade, he was condemned to the pursuit of a universal Empire'; and Mr. Fisher further observes that the destinies of Germany, and therefore, we may add, of Europe, might have been very different had not Napoleon's organization of the South German states been undone by his materialistic interpretation of his own revolutionary mission.

Mr. Fisher follows watchfully and critically along the path down which Europe has actually moved. His sympathy with the general trend of that movement is unmistakable, and it is a delight to advance along the years in company with a humanist who is not on the defensive. He knows, of course, that humanism of his own cultured, Liberal brand is out of favor nowadays, and he makes the concession to contemporary opinion of describing its victories as an experiment. But the very phrase in which he notes that 'the tides of liberty have now sud-

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denly receded over wide tracts of Europe' conveys the hope that the ebb will become a flow again; and though on his closing page he notes that 'an insane racialism threatens to rupture the seamless garment of civilization' and ends with the aspiration that the future may 'replace our squandered treasure of humanity, toleration and good sense,' his history as a whole is not the expression of a hope now temporarily baffled but the assertion of a truth. It is the work of a Liberal whose faith is too well grounded on knowledge and reflection to have suffered any shock through the convulsive passage of the nineteenth century into the twentieth. As such it will be valued by posterity, if posterity is prepared to value any work of intellectual art which our generation has produced; and as such, the attempt must be made to assess it now.

Once more, then, what of the scale of this history? Is the Liberal experiment so prominent in the perspective of European time that it deserves a volume to itself? Or does it only seem large because we are near to it? Mr. Fisher is far too subtle an artist to answer this blunt inquiry in explicit terms. Making his triple division, he leaves it to his readers to determine whether it carries its justification with it, and what they find is that, as here presented, European history renews its rhythm at the close of the eighteenth century. The world's great age begins anew and the Continent recapitulates its whole experience in its attack on the associated problems of democracy and the machine. England, the home of the great inventions, is the Rome, and France, source of the doctrines that shattered the old society, the Palestine of this new beginning. But that impregnation of the whole Continent with ideas which before filled some ten centuries of the history we call ancient was now accomplished within two generations. About 1848 Europe entered on a new middle period in which it set itself to assimilate its inheritance and succeeded through the agency of a new nationalism of a militarist kind. The period has not yet ended and maybe is not yet ending; but already the intellectual horizons have widened with bewildering swiftness, much as the physical horizons widened in the sixteenth century, so that we stand consciously on the threshold of a new era—whether fresh Renaissance or fresh Dark Age we cannot yet say. At this watershed of thought and life Mr. Fisher takes post and looks appreciatively back. Thus far, at any rate, he bids us note, we have come swiftly and on the whole safely, thanks to Liberal guidance.

IN AN eloquent and vivid passage, too good to be spoilt by partial quotation, Mr. Fisher outlines the philosophy of mid-Victorian England and the quality of the men who applied it. It was a philosophy of self-help, involving the restriction of Government activities to a minimum, and the consequent replacement of a central organization by such arrangements as individuals found it convenient to make. So truncated a political theory necessarily inflicted hardship on those whose convenience was not taken into account; but Mr. Fisher is not in agreement with the view that the later nineteenth century was the age of Marx and Spencer. To Spencer's influence he pays his discriminating tribute:—

'Fastidious people were repelled by

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this downright mining engineer, this radical agnostic from a middle-class home in Derbyshire, who handled English prose with such hearty indifference to its musical subtleties, who despised Latin and Greek, theology and history, who thought Ruskin barbarous and Dante over-ornamented, and wanted to turn the educational system of the country upside down. But for the ordinary man Spencer was a prophet. . . . His contempt for received opinions, his vast, rambling, miscellaneous curiosity, and his extraordinary talent for generalizing about any fact, however trivial, which came within the range of his experience, made him an impressive figure. He wrote of the evolution of man, of the evolution of the family, of the evolution of social and ceremonial institutions. . . . Ethics and politics were part of the science of life, a species of "transcendental physiology." In all this there was a kind of robust optimism, an absence of mystic involutions which flattered the philistine reader.'

Thus, reversing the myth of Cronos devouring his children, does Mr. Fisher delicately impale an intellectual progenitor. To Marx he is even less complimentary, admitting his genius but denying his competence either in philosophy or in economics and noting his imperfect mastery of the English tongue. 'The power of this needy, passionate exile proceeds from the fact that he was always a prophet of revolution, attacking with concentrated fury the whole system of society which offered so sleek a surface to the sky.' Socialism made headway in England, but through a different channel.

'While the red star of Marx shone faint and distant through the English mists, the industrious Fabians, living in bourgeois comfort and preaching "the inevitability of gradualism," stamped their thought again and again upon the pages of the English Statute-book.'

The passage illustrates two other qualities of Mr. Fisher's Liberalism. It leans towards people who think things out, whether it agrees with their ideas or not, and it leans more particularly towards them when they do not think out too much at a time.

To readers approaching this history as an example of contemporary thought, the pages in which Mr. Fisher describes how English Liberalism accepted guidance from non-Liberal quarters in the use of political right reason and so accomplished the transition from self-help to social service will be of exceptional interest. It was not accomplished without a wrench. To the Gladstonian Liberal, as also, Mr. Fisher assures us, to the Conservative, the new social policy 'seemed to strike at the roots of moral independence and to menace the financial strength of the country.' It may be that Conservatism, with its strong sense of national unity, was not outraged in its principles by proposals for the wider diffusion of national well-being. Moreover, as it has never shared the Liberal determination, very marked in this book, to make the head control the heart, it was not called upon to turn an intellectual somersault. Mr. Fisher has shown, without loss of academic dignity, how the feat was performed.

He has also shown how the partisan can sometimes lurk under the scholar's gown. This book has the defects of its qualities. Eminently rational and satisfied with the soundness of its rea-

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soning, it is as little conscious of the legacy of passion and revolt which our age has inherited from *laissez-faire* Liberalism as it is of the contribution which Conservatism has made to the constructive ideas of English nineteenth-century politics.

The weakness of this book is that it is somewhat anæmic. Always moderate, always reasoned, severe on countries such as Spain which, though it gave the term Liberal to politics, has a regrettable tendency to let its opinion run to extremes, appreciative of countries such as France, which by making the vote universal has converted Socialism from a constitutional menace into a source of Parliamentary strength, bland, elegant, urbane, exquisite in its detail, this book offers too little to satisfy the ardors of the soul. Whether, if Liberalism had been less mindful of its origins in the age of reason, it would have averted the age of unreason in which we now live, is a question which it forbears to ask. Its comment on the peace treaty that 'a hundred years hence the historian will know' applies to much else mentioned in its pages besides the frontiers traced at Versailles. The hostile critic—and after all the contemporary intellectual climate is far from friendly—is bound to ask, as he puts down a book which sometimes cloys through its very artistry, whether the Liberal experiment has been worth while.

To such a question Mr. Fisher offers an answer which, within its limits, is as timely as it is conclusive. Whether it was worth while for States, the historian, rightly determined not to pass judgment until all the material is available, does not yet know; and from this attitude he cannot be driven by youth insistent that it cannot do its duty by its generation unless it knows. Contemplating the results of Liberalism, both in its pacific English form with those cosmopolitan dreams 'which free traders and poets were prone to entertain' and in the militarist reactions which it provoked in Germany and the Balkans, Mr. Fisher permits himself to raise the doubt whether all that has befallen the nations of Europe has been for the best. But that it has been the best for individuals admits of no doubt whatever. The seed of progress can only germinate in free minds freely functioning, and whatever institutions constrict them are an outrage on humanity. Such is the spirit of the Liberal tradition, which, being vital, endures; and such also is the spirit of European civilization.

KIERKEGAARD: HIS LIFE AND THOUGHT. *By E. L. Allen. London: Stanley Nott. 1935.*

(Herbert Read in the *Spectator*, London)

KIERKEGAARD, like Marx, is a product, by reaction, of Hegel. Hegel had at least this virtue: he left behind him a progeny, not of slavish disciples, but of active intelligences, and among these Kierkegaard and Marx represent the widest possible extremes of thought. For whilst Marx turned the Hegelian dialectic outwards, making it an instrument with which he could interpret the facts of history and so arrive at an objective science which insists on the translation of theory into action, Kierkegaard, on the other hand, turned the same instrument inwards, for the examination of his own soul or psychology, arriving at a subjective philosophy which involved him in the deepest melancholy and despair of action. To what extent

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either Kierkegaard or Marx rightly interpreted Hegel is only an academic question; but for the extremist—and every philosopher or lover of the truth is an extremist—they represent the only possible alternatives today. The significance of Marx is evident enough and becomes more evident with the progress of economic affairs; the significance of Kierkegaard is recognized abroad by philosophers like Heidegger, by Protestant theologians like Barth, and, at first sight more surprisingly, also by Catholic theologians. His chief advocate and best translator in Germany, Theodor Haecker, is a Catholic; and the only people in this country whom I have found to take any interest in him were without exception Catholics.

Kierkegaard himself was never a Catholic; he was a son of strict Lutheran parents and intended for the Lutheran ministry; but he spent his intense life, not in hovering between one sect and another, but in a vain struggle to reconcile himself to Christianity itself. It is because in this struggle he revealed the inner meaning and consequences of the Christian faith more clearly and more acutely than any mystic since Pascal that he exercises such an attraction for Christians today. It is open to them, of course, to say that Kierkegaard was never vouchsafed the final grace which would have perfected his faith; but the fact remains that only a very few mystics, like Pascal and Hugo of St. Victor, have written so illuminatingly on the Christian mysteries.

It would be a mistake, however, to give the impression that Kierkegaard is concerned only with Christianity; his range is much wider. He was, in fact, an individual in conflict with all the tendencies—philosophical, political, and cultural—of his time. He refused, that is to say, to keep his religion in a separate compartment of his mind, but the more he realized the implications of that religion the more he found it impossible to reconcile himself with his age and environment. He was, in short, the complete individualist—not an egotist, but a man who believed, as Dr. Allen says, that 'human life only comes fully to itself when the individual stands alone before his God.' Truth, he would say, is in the person believing and not in the proposition believed. This principle of the subjectivity of truth he carried into every sphere of knowledge—into ethics and æsthetics, for example. It is in the latter sphere that I personally find him so illuminating, his doctrine of *Innerlichkeit* being of the essence of any real understanding of poetic creation.

Dr. Allen gives a clear and straightforward account of Kierkegaard's life and thought. The life, intense and dramatic as a psychological experience, was only marked outwardly by an extraordinary literary activity. There was one exception: his refusal, at the last moment, to marry the woman he loved. He has himself, in his journals, analyzed with great detail the scruples which led him to this drastic decision; they bear some relation, perhaps, to the reasons by which the celibacy of the priesthood is justified, but since Kierkegaard was his own church and his own priest, the case is infinitely more complicated. Dr. Allen does, indeed, suggest an underlying physiological explanation, but without evidence or confidence.

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In his treatment of Kierkegaard's ideas, Dr. Allen fails, perhaps, to convey the vitality and general brilliancy of his works. *Enten-Eller* (*Either Or*), a kind of commonplace-book in which Kierkegaard traces his own spiritual development, and his other journals, are full of detached observations and aphorisms on every variety of subject. His long divagation on Mozart's *Don Juan*, for example, is one of the few occasions on which musical criticism has risen above technical considerations—Nietzsche, in the next generation, was to provide another.

But Dr. Allen succeeds admirably in a much more difficult task: in giving a coherent account of Kierkegaard's philosophy. In doing this he is a pioneer, for, incredible as it may seem, his is the first book on Kierkegaard to be published in this country. Kierkegaard is with Nietzsche and Dostoievski one of the most vital intelligences of the nineteenth century. He is Ibsen's Brand, a Hamlet returned to Denmark. His works have been translated and retranslated into German, and even in France, usually the last country in the world to recognize a Nordic genius, he is fairly well known. In England not a single work of his has been seen or even heard of. What is the explanation? Partly, no doubt, the mediæval outlook of our universities; partly the lack of enterprise which distinguishes our publishers. But Dr. Allen has broken the ice; the University of London has made a grant from its Publication Fund; Mr. Nott has been braver than his rivals. Another book on Kierkegaard is, I believe, in the press; and soon, I fancy, there will be quite a lot of traffic down this stream.

SOVIET PROSPERITY. *By Molotov. London: Martin Lawrence. 1935.*

THE GREAT EXPERIMENT. *By Marcus Samuel and Leonard Caplan. London: John Murray. 1935.*

SOVIET TRADE FROM THE PACIFIC TO THE LEVANT. *By Violet Conolly. Oxford: Oxford University Press. 1935.*

THE RUSSIAN FINANCIAL SYSTEM. *By W. B. Reddaway. London: Macmillan. 1935.*

(From the *Economist*, London)

THE SEVENTH CONGRESS of Soviets of the U. S. S. R., held at the beginning of last year, marked a critical stage in the development of Communist Russia. At that Congress it was announced that indirect election of all Soviet organs would be replaced by direct election, that the votes of peasants would henceforth carry equal weight with those of town workers, and that the open ballot would be replaced by the secret ballot. Before Comrade Molotov announced these changes as evidence of the victory of socialism over all possible internal disruptive forces, he reported on the work of the Government since the last congress and gave equally significant evidence of the growing strength of the communist system. These two speeches have now been published in English. His eulogies on the triumphs of various plans were followed by the usual complaints that this industry and that industry were not living up to expectation, that the increase in the output of agriculture was seriously retarded, and that standards of workmanship were too often deplorably low.

These things we expect, and by now we have learnt to discount both the

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exuberance of the Plan and heart searchings at its partial failure. What we had not expected was to find Comrade Molotov urging the Communists, of all people, to *listen to the voice of the consumer*. Nor had we expected out of Russia the following dogmatic declaration:—

'The wages policy of the Soviet Government aims at raising the standard of living of the whole mass of workers—that, so to speak, is its fundamental basis. But only opportunist chatterboxes will on this account replace our policy by a policy of petty-bourgeois egalitarianism in wages, paying no consideration to productivity of labour and to the skill of the worker.'

What, we wonder, has Mr. Petty-Bourgeois Opportunist-Chatterbox George Bernard Shaw to say to that?

Unlike Comrade Molotov, Messrs. Marcus Samuel and Leonard Caplan have no liking for communism, and they have set out to investigate the success of Russian industrial and social planning 'in an original way':—

'They have studied,' they tell us, 'the statements of leading members of the Russian Government; every issue of the *Moscow News* and *Moscow Daily News* has passed through their hands; and on this official information by diligent comparison of reports they have reached illuminating conclusions.'

In what way their method is original does not appear, nor in what way their conclusions are illuminating. If they set out to prove that when all is said there is an amazing degree of free criticism under communist rule, they have succeeded; but they have no more proved planning, 'both socialist and otherwise,' a failure than they would have damned capitalism by comparing the claims of its apologists with its actual achievements.

On the other hand, Miss Conolly's study of Soviet trade from the Pacific to the Levant and Mr. Reddaway's analysis of the Russian financial system are both excellent examples of what such books should be. Miss Conolly's book, which is the conclusion of a work published in 1933, is concerned mainly with the relations between the Soviet Far East, China, Manchuria, and Japan, and in order to explain the course of trade between these countries she introduces an admirable account of internal developments in the Far East of Siberia. During the first Five-Year Plan, the contrast between Plan and achievement was even more extreme here than in European Russia. But of the second Five-Year Plan Miss Conolly has greater hopes, mainly on the ground that the Japanese are at the back door, and the issues at stake are therefore too great for the Soviet to take any chances.

After this preliminary discussion Miss Conolly steers an agile course through the ramifications of the protracted disputes between the Soviet and Japan over fishery rights and the development of oil wells in Sakhalin, and gives a complete documented account of the thirty-year attempt of Russia to dominate Manchuria which ended with the sale of the Chinese Eastern Railway to the Japanese. The rest of the book discusses India, the Pacific Tropics, Egypt and the Levant, and the Red Sea Basin.

The word 'communist' still bears so many emotional connotations, even to the economist, that dispassionate studies of the communist system are still rare. Mr. Reddaway's little book

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is consequently very welcome for its dispassionate, and at the same time concise and lucid, investigation of a particular problem raised by the Soviet experiment. Mr. Reddaway's problem is this: if competitive wages, prices and profits are not the mechanisms by which the communist system directs resources to specific industries, and finished products to individual consumers, and if these ends are assumed to be achieved by direct planning, what part is left for money and the banking system to play?

The answer in brief is that the banking system becomes the State cost-accounting department; that although from the State's point of view direct action takes the part of indirect control through price, money must play its usual functions as a money of account, an aid in the distribution of resources to maximum advantage, a method of distributing incomes and reconciling supply with demand, and a means of making payments between departments. Finally, for the consumer it should be a way of exercising such freedom of choice as the system permits. Mr. Reddaway pursues his analysis through all of these monetary functions, and after commenting on the impossibility of a cumulative inflation so long as prices are allowed to rise and money wages kept fixed, suggests that 'the main problem before the Bolsheviks is still how to exert sufficient deflationary pressure on industry to secure economy in the use of resources of all kinds, but particularly of labor.' His discussion of the dual price system and the derationing of bread is particularly timely now that the Torgsin stores have been abolished.

The last two of the books reviewed above are a definite addition to our knowledge and understanding of the Soviet system. A little critical impartiality is worth any amount of uncritical praise and blame put together.

INQUEST ON PEACE. *By 'Vigilantes.' London: Gollancz. 1935.*

(Karl Radek in *Pravda*, Moscow)

FOR all people attempting to foresee the course of world development during the coming years, the central international question is that of Great Britain's foreign policy. The foreign policies of Japan and Germany are quite clear. These two powers are the center of forces leading to the next World War. Just as clear is the policy of the United States: it does not want war at this time, but so strong are its isolationist tendencies that very little is being done to prevent war. The French policy attempts to guard peace, although not in a very definite and steady manner.

But Great Britain's aim is the source of constant discussion and doubts in international circles. This question is a very important one, for in spite of England's reduced 'specific gravity' as a result of the industrialization of many other countries, in spite of her lessened domination of the seas, her wealth, her human resources, and her fleet still have a great significance, and she occupies a key position in the Far East and Africa, as well as in Europe. *Inquest on Peace*, a book by three anonymous authors, apparently Laborites, hiding their identities under the pseudonym of 'Vigilantes,' attempts to give a general review of Great Britain's foreign policy for the last five years.

The situation in the Far East, existing since September of 1931, the time

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of the Japanese occupation of Manchuria, is one of the main factors defining international relations. In seizing Manchuria, Japan broke the Washington Agreement guaranteeing the *status quo* in the Far East. The 'Vigilantes' show that Great Britain —one of the principal guarantors of the agreement—'declared her intention of not opposing Japan, no matter what happened, and at the same time attempted to come to an agreement with Japan on the basis of an admission of her aggression and violation of international agreements, together with a promise to look out for Great Britain's interests.'

When the international press points to the difference between Great Britain's attitude toward Japanese aggression and her attitude toward the Italian campaign, the British officials answer: 'In 1931 to 1932, when the Manchurian question was being considered, England had to take cognizance of the fact that the United States —the second important guarantor of the *status quo* in the Far East—was not a member of the League of Nations.' But the authors show that the absence of the United States from the League was not the reason for Great Britain's abstention.

Great Britain's hope that Japan would take her interest into consideration came to nothing. Besides, as we know, Japan did not stop at Manchuria. Her activities constituted a great danger to British interests, for the defense of which the National Government had been created. Discussing the motives of such a policy, the authors bring voluminous evidence to show that the leaders of monopolistic capitalism wished to strengthen Japan as a guardian of the bourgeois régime in the Far East against China and the U. S. S. R. In 1933 to 1934, it was easy to find in the Conservative Party people who openly said that they wanted the Russo-Japanese war, being sure that it would improve the economic situation and deal a blow to communism.

Another factor upon which the European situation depends is German rearmament, begun at the time of Brüning's Chancellorship, and completed by Hitler. It is clear to everyone that this rearmament, undertaken in proportions which threaten Germany with economic collapse, is in preparation for a war, a purpose not denied by German Fascism. Analyzing Great Britain's attitude to it, the authors show that Great Britain, throughout the Disarmament Conference, and even more after Germany's exit from the League of Nations, was advocating freedom of rearmament for Germany.

The authors continue by saying that Germany went on building its aërial navy with the direct help of English capitalists. The government allowed Germany to do this mostly because of the greed of the English airplane manufacturers. Many times the government's attention was called to their tremendous sales to Germany, sales whose only result could have been the creation of a great illegal air fleet. But the government preferred to remain deaf and blind in order to allow its friends and protectors to gain profits. As far as the Anglo-German Naval Agreement is concerned, the authors, analyzing Hitler's action, prove that Germany's only aim in this agreement was to obtain freedom of action against the U. S. S. R.

In conclusion, the Laborite authors

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state that the crux of the matter lies not in the hesitations of this or another influential individual, but in the fact that the interests of the federation of British industrialists, bankers, and landowners, dominant in the Conservative Party, seek a solution for the existing international situation in a policy of concessions to powers that are beginning war at the expense of the colonial countries and the U. S. S. R.

The authors are quite right in saying that the real test of the system of collective defense is the question whether this system could resist Japan's or Germany's attack on the Soviet Union. For such an act will inevitably cause a new World War.

DER GELBE FLECK; DIE AUSROTTUNG VON 500,000 DEUTSCHEN JUDEN. *Mit einem Vorwort von Lion Feuchtwanger. Paris: Editions du Carrefour. 1935.*

(Translated from the *Prager Tagblatt*, Prague)

THE Yellow Spot; The Extermination of 500,000 German Jews is the title of a publication that has just appeared in Paris. It presents, for the most part from newspaper clippings, the persecution of the Jews in German prisons and concentration camps.

In his preface Lion Feuchtwanger writes: 'With exemplary impartiality all the material about what is called in the Third Reich "The Solution of the Jewish Question" has been assembled in this book. Germany is often called mediæval today. Readers of *The Yellow Spot* may well doubt that this is a fitting characterization. Measured against the organized brutality, the disciplined insanity of present-day Germany, the stupid cruelty of the mediæval persecutions of the Jews seems positively humane.'

Surely Germany is witnessing even more horrible things than the Jewish persecution described in this book—things that are a far greater menace to civilization than the systematic destruction of half a million highly civilized Europeans. But in these other things the insanity and knavery of the system is hidden more deeply beneath the surface, while in the continued, large-scale, officially organized and promoted pogroms it is plainly visible to the entire world.

The pogrom does not spring solely from economic, social and political motives. For the most part its bestial aspects spring from a deep-rooted hatred of reason, from pure delusion, from sheer joy in brutality, in the pollution of human dignity, in the humiliation of others. History is but the struggle of a reasonable minority against the violent majority of stupidity. How tremendously difficult this struggle can be is proved by the graphic material, invaluable to the historian, contained in *The Yellow Spot*.

There is one consolation. Time and again the reports here assembled register little events which prove that large parts of the population are not in sympathy with what is happening in Germany. Do not pass over these episodes, reader! Do not generalize! Do not in pity and contempt apply to the entire German nation that sentence which Friedrich Nietzsche once addressed to his sister: 'Poor Lama, now you have descended to the level of antisemitism.'

The German people are not identical with those who profess to represent them today. They are fighting them. The day will come when they will sweep away the lunatics and knaves whose misdeeds are here recorded.

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GESICHTER UND ZEITEN. *By Harry Graf Kessler. Band I: Völker und Vaterländer. Berlin: S. Fischer Verlag. 1935.*

(Rudolf Alexander Schröder in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin)

THE present volume traces the author's life down to the nineties. It is significant and instructive, if for no other reason than that the reader is immediately confronted with many decisive events and conditions of the past sixty years. By reason of destiny and birth Count Kessler was closely connected with the high aristocracy and the immediate surroundings of the throne, as well as with bourgeois finance and the merchant life of our greatest port. By reason of blood and education he was as familiar with English and French life as he was with his German heritage. Thus the pages of these in every respect unusual memoirs display a precocious spirit, always directed toward essentials, a spirit of a winged emotional warmth, capable of illuminating from several sides at once the national, cultural, ethical, and religious problems that have moved and advanced the life and destiny of the Continent down to our days. It is the plasticity of his world view which gives the book special character and weight. Against this, one's opinion of the author's judgment on various subjects does not matter. For example, one may not share the respectful and mournful condemnation of Bismarck's life work, nor be satisfied with the view that all demands beyond personal accomplishment belong to the realm of the unfulfillable. The real merit of the book lies in the fact that, beyond the judgments on these questions, so much additional material for forming judgments of one's own is presented, and with exemplary and contained clarity. This will secure the book for all time a place among the indispensable documents of one of the most problematic epochs of our historic world.

Even those readers who are less susceptible to the bitterly earnest background of this individual life will be pleased and fascinated by the author's art of quick and striking presentation, by the tender, poetic grace, which suggests rather than relates in detail the personal anecdotes of a changeful youth. Over and above everything else, this fine and serious book is source material of the first order for everyone who intends to deal with the political and cultural history of the waning 19th century.

ABSCHIED VOM GESTERN. *By Franz Körmendi. Berlin: Universitas. 1935.*

(From the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, Frankfurt)

'A NOVEL of a thousand pages! I won't read that,' I thought, picking up the voluminous book. But then I did read it, all the same. First I only glanced over it. I was fascinated. I began to read it diligently from first page to last: it was worth it.

This work of the Hungarian, Franz Körmendi, is akin to the English *Forsyte Saga*. It becomes obvious that a period dead and buried is to be described. Here, too, this is done by means of a family history, especially the history of the son, Paul. It is the story of a Hungarian family from 1900 down to the present, but though the scene is laid in Hungary, the events might have occurred anywhere.

Hungarians, like the Slavs, often have a gift of expression that seems

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inexhaustible. The entire thick volume of Körmendi is really a speech, though there is much more narrative than dialogue. If it were possible to write a thousand pages at one swoop, one would say that this is done here, as though, of a long evening, someone were to reminisce with friends, and then one memory led to another without effort. The charm inherent in *Farewell to Yesterday* lies above all, though not exclusively, in this conversational manner. But, of course, the personality of the speaker is important. Körmendi is a trained observer, and he seems to possess the psychological insight which was the gift of poets long before science taught us so much. Obviously this Hungarian has taken a leaf from science, but he could hardly present the thoughts of children and growing people so vividly were he not a poet.

Still the conclusion of the book is unsatisfactory. Paul Hegedüs stands as the center to the story, which begins in idyllic pre-War times, and then leads to the shadow of great events. (The description of how a woman and two children are overwhelmed by the outbreak of the War in Belgium is magnificent.) Paul Hegedüs is the son of a Budapest physician. His individual destiny, while not in itself typical, becomes generalized by reason of the fact that precisely during these 'idyllic' times many young people were in danger of a mental crisis. It was a soft, unhealthy atmosphere, ill-suited to produce firm personalities. Those that became such, grew, as it were, outside of their time. Paul succumbs, and his older brother, George, fares even worse. His stepbrother, on the other hand, younger by many years, is quite different: he stands with both feet on the ground.

For years Paul does not know what is to become of him. He wavers between different professions and finally lands in a bank. Here he climbs rapidly, but inwardly he cannot come to grips with life. Two unhappy attempts at marriage convince him that he cannot live among his fellow-men. He breaks off all relations, resigns his job, and retires completely. The author implies that his hero has found his way home, that after the wanderings of Ulysses he has found the way to solitude which is his true life, protecting him from men, emotions, and thoughts. Is that a solution?

Körmendi believes that his hero, a member of the individualistic epoch of the past, 'must ultimately find his way to the catharsis of solitude, because of his own way of living, as well as on account of his fellow-men, and the spirit of the time; that the way to the new life in the community leads through solitude.' These words of the author concerning his novel are printed on the inside of the jacket. Once a reader has discarded this wrapper, he cannot understand the sense of Paul's solitude. He will, on the contrary, arrive at the regretful conclusion that the hero at the end of the story has fallen into the penultimate stage of a grave disease. It is highly improbable that Paul would ever reëmerge from such solitude—certainly not without assistance. The sympathetic figure of Livia, who loves him unselfishly, and who waits for him, might give him such help; but he turns from her, too. Solitude,—it is plain that this suffering man does not know what he is doing, that Paul does not realize that he is fleeing from the tasks of life. But the

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author might have known it. After all, one cannot quite overlook the fact that life would be at an end were everyone to follow Paul's example.

Still, let us not be ungrateful. Only the concluding pages among more than a thousand really disappoint. The remainder, the description of an epoch, is the work of a great creative talent. One marvels with what simple, unobtrusive means the author manages to hold the reader. There is little philosophizing; something is always happening directly or in memory. It is the events themselves that point the moral, as should be the case in a real narrative, in a story that is also history. The thick tome was well worth reading.

VIGILS. *By Siegfried Sassoon. London: Heinemann. 1935.*

(Edmund Blunden in the *Listener*)

IN MY OBSERVATION, the due recognition of Mr. Sassoon's poetry has been obstructed by the special excitement which his war poems aroused. Those, in *The Old Huntsman* and more obviously in *Counter-Attack*, were a wonderful series. The anger, the appeal, the irony, the ingenuity in them fascinated us; and from time to time, confronted by menaces of war or the follies and hypocrisies of mankind, their author shows that he can still strike in the same manner. Yet I should be slow to agree that this poet is first and last represented by that part of his work.

There is a Sassoonian tradition of poems older than his vision of war's realities and his subordinate satires. He took the mystery of things upon him in the beautiful though tentative poems of his boyhood; and he has always responded in verse of great grace and significance to 'invisible vastness' immanent in quiet and solitude. Seven years have passed since *The Heart's Journey*, and he now collects his more recent contemplations under the title *Vigils*. The term is finely chosen. In them, various as the rhythms and melodies are, the constant presence of an intense watcher is felt; in their fine vibration is recorded the inner experience of a modern Vaughan.

When Mr. Sassoon is bent upon the destruction of an evil or the caricature of a folly, he employs a very daring inventiveness of expression. It is the sign of his deepest poetic mood that his phrase becomes clear and familiar, and that he accepts without hesitation the ways of putting things which clever versifiers would disdain as old stuff. The poet of *Vigils* is moved by a passion which sees beyond the technical fuss of a moment. If it comes about that he means 'my deathless hope divine,' or 'starlit magic,' or 'ultimate aspiration,' he says so. There are always turns of phrase in him which are especially his, but, apart from those, the interests of the poetry are individual and illuminate the whole. The voice of one who watches and listens in the ancient house of life, when only he seems to keep vigil, needs not to be strident. How else could there be sense, and presently suggestion of some

Chord—very softly sounded—echoing on;
Touched by what hand, who knows—for
what rapt ear?
In this rayed room of memories past and
gone
From thought, re-animate now and
ghostly near. . . ?

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Reserved and shadowed and full of silence as are these poems, refer though they may to the life of an individual, they nevertheless form an imaginative statement of a contest which might inspire another type of poet to an epic scheme. Mr. Sassoon's word for this contest occurs to him as he sees the hourglass and its sands: 'the world's enigma.' To quote him further in all the strength of his imagery:—

I am the emblem of your phantom yesterday.
I am tomorrow's journey and the eternal track
Across the desert land of life where none turn back.
I am the setting sun, the sun that rises red;
And the white moon, silvering dim cities of the dead.

Sometimes the Past, the apparent extinction of 'the multitudinous dead,' the look of current history overcome the watcher, and then there is a poem of elegiac pace and resignation. In one of the few pieces which allude to the War of 1914–1918, the enigma is shown in the remoteness of that experience for the survivors.

Somewhat softly booms
A Somme bombardment: almost unbelieved-in looms
The day-break sentry staring over Kiel Trench crater.

Thus, out of the darkness, the poet now and then feels the doom of all our enterprise—as a result not so much painful as strange. In 'Ultimatum' he contrasts the spiritual strivings of men ('beyond clairvoyant') for worlds unrealized, with the stern casualty lists of material history.

Meanwhile rife rumourings of the earth are in our ears,—
The lonely beat of blood, the immanence of ghosts,
And foam's oblivion whitening under crumbling coasts.

This, for him, is not the conclusion of the matter. In 'Revisitation' the night is curiously conquered by a single survival—it is a ghost story without the paraphernalia often implied in that designation. From the isolated influence thus perceived, the poet comes at length to numberless 'presences perfected', and the dark grows glorious; and the final 'Ode', in which the metre is released into a boldly lyrical movement, states the paradox of our speculations (or vigils) and the quickening virtue of even that.

In analyzing, however briefly, poetry of the kind that flowers so secretly, I doubt if any reviewer could escape a guilty feeling. The old advice, 'Come not between the dragon and his wrath,' takes a new twist, 'Come not between the seer and his ghosts.' Mr. Sassoon has not been a copious writer in verse, though he has done more than is usually known; he has certainly achieved, and long since, a style which he can rely upon. When his stars rise fortunately, or the wind in the trees is in the right tune, the picture, symbol, and cadence of his verse will proceed to that clear oneness which, poem by poem, shines in his *Vigils*.

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Salade Russe

A. ARCHANGELSKII, a columnist of the *Liternaturnaia Gazeta*, writes in his column a small replica of a typical Russian magazine, in which he very cleverly parodies the tendencies of modern Russian literature. Of course, the proportions of his enterprise prevent him from giving more than miniature excerpts from his serial novels. We see the inevitable adventure story, a nostalgic novel of the past, a modern novel with the peculiar new 'kolkhoz–and–factory' vocabulary, and, of course, a play about a professor who suddenly 'saw the light.'

The Mystery of Archibald Funk

Volume I, Part I, Chapter I

'The devil take it all!' cried Archibald Funk, dragging out of his pocket a terribly poisonous dead tarantula. 'What can this mean?' But before he had time to think over the thing that had happened to him, two soft, warm, feminine arms came out of the dark and wound themselves around his neck.

'What a barbarous country!' thought Archibald in amazement, yielding to the unknown beauty.

Caravans of camels passed outside.

The excavators thundered.

(To be continued)

The Clergyman's Last Wife

Book V, Part VIII, Chapter CLXXXVI

'Yes,' thought Assia as she entered the room which reminded her of the days in which she felt herself just a girl who looked at the world with pure eyes which absorbed all the things which surrounded her as if they were some beautiful scenery. 'Yes,' she thought again. 'I feel as if . . .'

(To be continued)

The Thick Dough

A Novel

Book II, Part III, Chapter XI

The Chief Engineer Antimonoff beefed himself up at the table, staring at the Predzavkom [Chairman of Factory Committee] with his protuberant sclerotic eyes, like a ram at the new gates. His walrus mustache quivered uncontrollably with uncontrollable rage.

'Well?' he burbled, beefing up his neck.

'Don't you "well" me,' the Predzavkom sprayed him with splinters of laughter. 'Don't give yourself airs. Plug up your face, Comrade.'

'So that's how it is?' Antimonoff husked. 'Very well. In that case . . .'

(To be continued)

He Saw The Light

A Play in Three Acts

Dramatis Personae:

Pochkin, Nikolai Nikolaievich, professor, non-party-member, 68 years.

Nina, his daughter, sympathizer, 19 years.

Elektronoff, engineer, party-member, 28 years.

Act I

Nina: Father, you are wrong.

Professor: Let's not argue. You can't understand. Life is terrible.

Nina: Father, you are hideously mistaken. Look around you.

Professor: I don't want to.

Nina: Father!

Professor: Leave me alone. (Plays on a harp)

Act II

Elektronoff: No, dear Professor, you are not right.

Professor: Young man, you are still too young.

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Elektronoff: Professor, you are hideously mistaken. Look around you.
Professor: I don't want to!
Elektronoff: Nikolai Nikolaievich!
Professor: Let's not argue. (Takes up a trombone)

Act III

Nina: Father, you still are wrong. Look around you!
Elektronoff: Professor! You are making a hideous mistake. Life is beautiful.
Professor (seeing the light): Yes. You are right. I was mistaken.
Elektronoff and Nina: Father! Nikolai Nikolaievich!
Professor: You have made me see light. I am happy, children. Life is beautiful. Love science and each other. (Nina and Elektronoff embrace Professor. Duet of harp and trombone. Curtain)

'Prix Littéraires'

OF ALL the nations of Europe, France is unquestionably the most burdened with literary prizes. There is the *Prix Goncourt*, the *Prix Femina*, the *Prix Interallié*, the *Prix Theophraste-Renaudot*, the *Roman Populaire*, and a host of other prizes and 'crownings.' Each is solemnly awarded once a year to a book which no one expected to see honored, and more often than not to a book whose merits are clear only to the awarding committee. But the *Prix* business is good business, and the winning books have large sales. Occasionally, however, a critic finds that his temper has been strained to the breaking point by a more than usually inept selection. The latest choice of the Goncourt committee seems to have been too much for Jean Galtier-Boissière, who makes the following revelations in the pages of the French satirical weekly, the *Canard Enchaîné*.

'It has been my lot to be—just once—a member of a literary jury. The prize (if I remember rightly) was ten thousand francs. I was able on that occasion to observe the extravagant behind-the-scene activities of the literary folks, and to watch the most bizarre dishes of the literary kitchen being prepared.

'First of all I was surprised to receive a letter from another member of the jury, asking me in so many words to give my vote for his wife, who, under a pseudonym, had submitted a novel for our consideration. I was still more surprised to realize that my indignation was by no means shared by my colleagues. In fact, the majority of them seemed quite ready, out of *camaraderie*, to award the prize to the work—and a stupid one, at that—of their colleague's better half.

'"He says the novel was written by his wife, but, *entre nous*, he wrote it himself," a fellow-member assured me. "Our dear friend is really in great need of funds. I shall vote for him."

'With a young writer as disgusted as myself, I opposed categorically such a "combine." We were regarded as bad sports. But after a very stormy session it was finally decided that the awarding of the prize should be postponed a year, all the manuscripts received being worse than mediocre.

'One of our wittiest journalists then observed, "When somebody establishes a literary prize, he ought always to know in advance to whom it will be awarded."

'This suggestion seemed very sensible, and we agreed readily on the name of the candidate who was to walk away with the prize the following year. In the greatest secrecy, a novel was then ordered from a young writer of merit, with the express promise that it would get the prize.

'At the last minute, however, certain members of the jury decided to support another candidate. The situation was delicate, for the prize had already been formally promised, and the winning novel ordered to measure. But, thank God, after several ballots, in which everyone tried to "do right by" his favorite, the outsider failed to make the grade. I remember with what warmth a certain eager novelist affectionately bestowed the accolade on

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the much-moved winner. "Boy!" he said, "We had a tough time of it, a very tough time of it, but, after a big fight, we finally got it for you."—he who had campaigned and voted to the end for the opponent!

'But the most ludicrous thing of all was that the charming author who had pulled down the prize, when he presented himself to the donor, heard the latter say simply, "Heartiest congratulations, my good friend. You'll sell a hundred thousand copies." When he dropped a timid hint about the prize itself, the Mæcenas, a good enough fellow, but empty-headed, explained to him, "Ten thousand francs, my boy, is quite a sum. Drop into the cashier's office toward the end of next month, and they'll certainly give you an installment."

'I shall take good care not to slander literary prizes: I know what it might cost me. Several years ago I was imprudent enough to quote the unflattering opinion of one of the members of the Académie Goncourt about his colleagues. The Académie did not hesitate to prosecute me, claiming, for this crime of lèse-Goncourt, 5,000 francs, damages and interest. This story, however, ended in complete buffoonery, thanks to the Machiavellian Campinchi, who succeeded in forcing the plaintiffs to pay the costs. After the trial one of the Goncourts saw fit to confide to me with disarming frankness some of the errors of this famous Areopagus, the Goncourt jury. The ten had actually passed by such writers as Mac-Orlan, Alexandre Arnoux, Giraudoux, Marc-Stephans, and Céline, to honor Benjamin, Thierry-Sandre, Deberly, Bedel and Jean Fayard! "What a bloomer, to have honored Jean Fayard!" mourned the old man. "This is going to cost us our heads, and rightly."

'With all the prizes that are awarded in recognition of the merits of a *book*, I should like to see a talented writer rewarded for his worth as a *man*, and for his independence. And I have my candidate all ready: Paul Léautaud. Léautaud, the famous eccentric of the Rue de Conde, is almost unknown to the general public. Nevertheless he is without any doubt the one writer among his contemporaries who uses the purest style in the service of the freest thought. He has written an astonishing novel, one which has been out of print for twenty years, and has not been reissued, a remarkable critique of the drama, with whole pages full of reminiscences of the highest order. With a spirit worthy of Voltaire, Léautaud makes it a practice to write nothing but the truth, even though it may shock and even revolt the clique of conformists.

'Recently the *Mercure de France* published an "hommage" to its defunct editor, Alfred Valette. All the collaborators vied with each other in their eulogies of this very modest man, whom they presented as the great inspirer of French thought for the past forty years. Without malice, but with an assurance which could not but cause a sensation, Léautaud, who had known him well for many years, put matters right.

'"In reality, Valette was interested only in administrative work," he wrote. "He read neither the magazine nor the volumes that he published. Both of these he filed away. Sometimes there were exceptions. 'I'll read these after I have retired,' he would say."

'In a world where lies, platitudes, and flattery are the rule, this peasant from the Danube seems to me to merit recognition. But undoubtedly the savage would put the finishing touches to his bad taste by refusing the honor, as he detests the "good fellows" who bestow it, and the harangues they get off as they do so.'

Literature in Abyssinia

I. LEVIN, writing in the *Vechernaya Moskva*, Moscow evening newspaper, tells us about a new literary movement now afoot in Abyssinia. The backbone of this movement is the 'Black Coats.' These are the progressive intellectuals, so-called, half-scornfully, by the more conservative

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Abyssinians because they have laid aside the traditional white Shamma and donned European clothes. These intellectuals are few but important, representing new tendencies in politics as well as in literature. They were the authors of the constitution proclaimed by the Negus in 1931, and their influence can be seen in the new code of laws and the administrative reforms.

Although this is not generally known, Abyssinia has a rich literary tradition. But ever since the 17th century, when it had reached its height, Abyssinian literature had been the monopoly of the Church, made still more inaccessible to the general public because of the traditional use of the extinct language of Geez. The new generation is trying—and apparently with definite success—to take literature out of the hands of the church and popularize it. All the new books are written in Amharic. There is a very definite strain of reform in them: the writers are obviously attempting to introduce various reforms to the masses. For that reason the novels have a utilitarian character and are somewhat didactic and pedagogic in tone. For example, we have an idyllic novel about Brechan and Sion-Magashe, the Abyssinian Paul and Virginia, who love each other passionately but sensibly refrain from marriage until they come of age, the result being numerous and healthy children. This eugenic novel is written as a protest against the too-early marriages so prevalent in present-day Abyssinia. Its author is Kerui, the present Minister of Foreign Affairs. Another novel deals with a young Abyssinian, educated in Paris, who comes back to his village, is faced with the ignorance and the superstition of his uncivilized countrymen, and single-handed embarks upon the difficult task of reform.

In poetry you may notice the same progressive tendency, praise of learning and reviling of blind tradition. Verses poking fun at the Church are much in vogue nowadays, as are long eulogies of emancipation. One poet writes: '*Oh Learning! Where can you be found? You are a life-giving potion! You are the light of life! The poor captive deprived of you, crushed beneath the heavy chains of tradition, drags himself to the perilous precipice by obscure pathways.*' This impassioned appeal is an introduction to a book on village economy written by Teckle Hawariate, the Abyssinian Minister to Paris.

As we see, the Abyssinian intellectuals take their mission very seriously. They burn with desire to enlighten their countrymen and to bring them into contact with Western culture. Ardently patriotic, they are fully aware of the imminent danger of enslavement by the more advanced powers which threatens their country: as far back as 1926, nine years before the Italian invasion, an Abyssinian poet wrote in the *Light and the World*, a progressive national journal:

'*Let us learn science and be modest,*
'*Lest the bitter hand of the enemy molest us.*'

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE TROUBLES OF THE SCOTS

The Scots are known for a dour and melancholy race, and it has long been the habit to ascribe their temperament to climate. But a recent number of the *Scotsman* prints a news item which may point the way to a truer explanation of their gloom. Surely even the happy natives of Tahiti would quickly turn morose if they had to solve the problems of Highland dress:—

'The controversy over which is the correct tie to wear with Highland evening dress was again raised at a special general meeting of the Kilt Society of Inverness yesterday, when there was a representative attendance of members to consider a motion tabled by The Mackintosh of Mackintosh, Chief of the Society.

'The Mackintosh at a recent meeting took strong exception to the Society's booklet—an official guide on how Highland dress should be properly worn—containing the advice that either a black or a white tie is correct for evening wear.

'He maintained that a black tie was the correct wear, and gave notice of the following motion: "That the meeting is of the view that the black tie is the correct wear for evening dress, and that the booklet of the Kilt Society be altered accordingly."

'The Mackintosh, however, was unfortunately unable to be present at yesterday's meeting, but his motion was moved by Dr. Ferguson Watson, Edinburgh, who came to Inverness specially to support it.

'At the outset, Colonel George Mackintosh, C.B., Balvraid, the President, explained that the Society's booklet had been issued after two years' intensive research and was purely a guide.

'An original booklet, which had run out of circulation, contained the advice as regards evening dress, that "a black tie or jabot" was suitable. The reason why "black or white" was included in the up-to-date booklet was that a great many Highland gentlemen wore the white tie at a ball, and they felt it was a matter on which the Society could not be too dogmatic.

'Since The Mackintosh had raised the question, members of the Society had been asked to state their opinion, and twenty-four had replied—fourteen in favor of the black tie, and ten in favor of the white. Of the latter, some held that while the black tie was correct with a dinner jacket, the white tie could be worn with a tail-coat.

'In moving The Mackintosh's motion, Dr. Ferguson Watson said he had the feeling that in introducing the white bow there was great danger of the jabot disappearing altogether. It was not so much white against black, as probably the white against the jabot. He considered the black bow preferable to the white for evening wear. He knew the Duke of Atholl favored the white bow, but he had been at several ceremonies where the Duke wore a black tie. It was quite true that they were not issuing regulations in the booklet, but simply guiding facts to people who were not quite sure how to wear Highland dress.

'Mr. E. E. Malcolm, W.S., Fort-William, supported The Mackintosh's motion. Not only from the point of view of correctness, but from that of appearance, the black tie went very much better with a dress kilt, he said. He did not consider the jabot a feminine adornment, but it did not go with a "boiled" shirt. The latter was altogether foreign, but they had to adapt their dress to modern requirements.

'Mr. Murdoch Mackintosh, Sheriff-Clerk of Inverness-shire, who said the white tie was essentially modern dress, supported the amendment.

'On the suggestion of Brigadier-General Macfarlane, it was unanimously agreed that the whole question be remitted to a further meeting of the Society, in view of The Mackintosh's absence.'

THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE

For many years scientists have pondered over the methods of protecting babes-at-arms from the perils of aëro-chemical warfare. After many experiments, they have recently hit upon a device. It is a sort of portable valise into which the baby is placed. This takes the place of a mask, which is too heavy for babies to wear. The unconscious infants are carried about in this *porte-bébé* like Indian papooses.

—*Vu*, Paris

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

KARL MARX: THE STORY OF HIS LIFE. *By Franz Mehring. Translated by Edward Fitzgerald. Edited by Ruth and Heinz Norden. New York: Covici-Friede. 1935. 608 pages. $5.00.*

THE publication of Mehring's life of Karl Marx testifies that Marxian philosophy has at length won the respect of the serious reading public. For many years no substantial biography of the German philosopher was thought necessary. Marx died in 1883. Thirty-five years later, before the Russian Revolution had become an accomplished fact, this first and only adequate biography of him appeared in Germany. And now, seventeen years later still, it is translated into English. Meanwhile new facts have been discovered that demand certain revisions of attitude. Mehring wrote under the influence of German Social Democracy. And though he was scrupulous in marshaling all the facts at his disposal on both sides of every problem of interpretation, in the controversies between Marx and Lassalle, and later between Marx and Bakunin, he was inclined to give the benefit of the doubt to Marx's opponents. Since the more recent evidence will scarcely permit of this conclusion, Professor Fuchs has corrected Mehring in a valuable and necessary appendix.

Save for this natural bias, which has been so successfully counteracted, Mehring's life of Marx is an indispensable mine of information, a monument to the painstaking scholarship of Germany before Hitler. The difficulties presented by the subject were unusual. For Marx was not only a philosopher but the leader of a revolutionary movement, and in both capacities he acted during the greater part of his life in collaboration with Engels. Mehring has achieved an admirable balance among these different aspects of his subject. He has given the necessary minimum of attention to Engels' life and writings. And he has been particularly discreet in deciding how much analysis he should present of a philosophy that is still so controversial and difficult to understand. His summary of the meaning of *Das Kapital*, particularly his summary of the theory of surplus value in the first volume, is at once one of the shortest and the clearest that has appeared. But quite properly he has given most of his space to the history of Marx's relation to the radical trade-union movement.

Marx's concern with contemporary social movements Mehring divides into three periods. During the German uprisings that center around the year 1848 he finds Marx sufficiently the practical politician to realize that the immediate necessity was for the proletariat to work with the rising bourgeoisie against the victorious feudalism of the princely states. But after the middle classes had become entrenched in power, during the period of the Communist Manifesto and the formation of the First International, the necessity was for the correct statement of the theoretical position and the dissemination of it among the radical unions.

The next chance for Marx to influence an actual revolution came with the establishment of the Paris Commune after the Franco-Prussian War. But on this occasion, though he was willing to guide as much as possible the theory under which the uprising took place, he realized that his residence in England and his ignorance of the immediate circumstances confined him to this purely advisory position. In consequence, though the Commune was broken up, it afforded Marx the first adequate laboratory test of his theories. Mehring believes his history of the Commune to be one of his most valuable books.

The rounded picture is of a man who made very few errors in the interpretation of events, and, when he did, was able to correct them with lightning-like rapidity, of a man, in other words, who had an extraordinary gift of knowing how far to go without losing sight of principles, in their application to an immediate situation.

But Mehring does not omit the heroic and personal aspect of Marx's life, his renunciation of popularity and livelihood because of adherence to his ideas. At several times during his life, Marx and his family were on the point of destitution. His income was as small and as fickle as that of a proletarian. Often there were only potatoes to eat for a week at a time, while he went out to borrow money for the postage of his abundant correspondence. One of his children died of malnutrition, and both his own

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health and that of his ever coöperative and cheerful wife broke under the strain.

Mehring is at pains to dispel the legend that Marx was a hard man. He knew how and when to be inflexible. But his life would have been impossible if he had not possessed a quiet good humor. At the time when he was bending all his energies to expose the fraudulent charges of the Prussian government against the Communists on trial at Cologne, he could write: 'You will appreciate the humor of the pamphlet the more, I think, when I tell you that its author is practically interned owing to the lack of adequate covering for his feet and his behind . . . This, too, is in part a result of the proceedings, because for five weeks I was compelled to devote all my energies to defending the party against the machinations of the government, instead of earning a living.' Such glimpses into Marx's personality as this increase our respect for the man and prevent his biography from becoming dull and ponderous.

—Edwin Berry Burgum

The Tyranny of Greece over Germany. *By E. M. Butler. New York: Macmillan. 1935. 351 pages, illustrated. $4.25.*

THIS is a book on the influence of ancient Greece on German literature of the 18th, 19th, and 20th centuries. It is written in an unusually fresh and lively style, but it demonstrates that it is possible to write a clever and well-informed book around a false theory. Butler's theory is this: 'The Germans have imitated the Greeks more slavishly, they have been obsessed by them more utterly, and they have assimilated them less than any other race. The extent of the Greek influence is incalculable throughout Europe; its intensity is at its highest in Germany.'

Actually, no German poet imitated the Greeks, and Aristotelian æsthetics never exercised so tyrannical a power in Germany as in France during the Classic period. In the intellectual life of Europe, ancient Greece has furnished the strongest cultural tradition; in Germany, moreover, it has supplied the wishful dream of a longing for form, harmony, and peaceful synthesis of mind and body, a longing doomed to be forever unfulfilled. Surprisingly, the author does not seem to be aware of the fact that the image of Hellenic antiquity in German cultural history has undergone constant change, and that thus there could never be any tyranny; for the Greek ideal has always been determined by the period in which it existed and thus it has been a symbol of the present rather than that of a past historical epoch.

The author proceeds to examine in detail the relations to the Greek world of Winckelmann, Lessing, Herder, Goethe, Schiller, Hölderlin, Heine, and above all, of Nietzsche and George. Oddly enough, she does not mention Erwin Rohde, who was so important for Nietzsche's picture of antiquity. For the rest, she presents able analyses of the various personalities and historical connections. Unfortunately she submits to the dictatorship of his dogma to a far greater extent than his subject, and thereby arrives at untenable interpretations. Thus she over-estimates the length of Winckelmann's influence. Nor is the theory tenable that Nietzsche's idea of the Superman must be derived from Winckelmann's Hellenism. Insofar as one can, in this instance, speak of any historical influence at all, it is that of the Italian Renaissance (seen through the eyes of Jakob Burckhardt).

—Rudolf Kayser

Religion and Science. *By Bertrand Russell. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 1935. 265 pages. $2.00.*

MR. RUSSELL'S study of the various conflicts that have occurred between theologians and scientists since the Copernican revolution is more of a digest than anything else, a brief and necessarily sketchy review of the field, contributing little that has not been treated more exhaustively in other books, contributing, in fact, little but his own irreverent and oddly self-assured skepticism. But it is a satisfactory digest; and his frequently fortunate way of expressing himself makes it entertaining if not exactly profitable reading.

The conflicts themselves, he shows, were invariably the result of the Church's repressive and intolerant attitude towards anything that threatened its own position; and almost invariably the governments of the time sided with the Church for their own protection, fearing that a threat to revealed authority was a threat to inherited authority. So, when Copernicus and later Galileo stated that the earth was not a fixed body, that it revolved about the sun, they challenged the anthropocentric creeds of the Church, challenged even

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the Psalmist's song that 'The world also is stablished, that it cannot be moved;' and for this they were persecuted, Galileo being made to 'abjure, curse, and detest' his opinions and to live out the rest of his life under close guard and rigorous censorship. So the evolutionists were attacked and criticized, and still are in certain outposts of civilization. Even the practitioners of medicine had a long and peculiarly difficult struggle to lift themselves and their craft from the realm of demonology and superstition, free from the taint of witchcraft and wizardry; to this day there is a stubborn objection to the use of anæsthetics in childbirth because of the bogey 'In sorrow thou shalt bring forth children.'

What might be called the second section of the book, dealing with modern theories regarding the mind, the soul, and the body, is less a résumé of the conflict and more a series of arguments by Mr. Russell refuting the various theories held in this field. He shows, for example, how nothing in human knowledge that could be called knowledge points to the existence of a soul as a separate entity from the body, as an immortal substance that after death goes fluttering off into the vaguely luminous hereafter.

On the question of determinism and free will he is neutral, rejecting determinism as a metaphysical doctrine, but retaining it as a practical working hypothesis—since, after all, science and the scientific mind are always looking for cause and effect and the laws that govern them.

He regards mysticism as of doubtful value in the emotional realm and as of no value in the realm of science; he is, as he says, unable to make a distinction between the 'man who eats little and sees heaven and the man who drinks much and sees snakes.'

Throughout history, he concludes, wherever science and religion have fought, science has without exception won in the long run; and in winning has tended for the greater happiness of man, either by ameliorating his existence, providing comforts unobtainable hitherto, or by negating the cruel, barbarous, and tyrannical rule of theological authority. But the conflict is not yet over; there are still outposts where entrenched ignorance and dogmatic theology stubbornly fight against advance. And the conflict itself has undergone a subtle and sinister change, with science being opposed by certain governments, as in Germany, for one example—and there are others—which are providing a religion of their own making, of similar dogmatic, intolerant, iron-skinned creeds that brook no defiance and stifle all knowledge that is not in accord with them.

—Arthur Heinemann

Ethiopia: A Pawn in European Diplomacy. *By Dr. Ernest Work. New York: Macmillan. 1935. 354 pages. $2.50.*

In the matter of imperialism there is a school of thought that claims there is today under the League of Nations a 'new dispensation.' Whether that belief be true is now being decided. Ethiopia certainly is the perfect illustration of the old dispensation, which was characterized by a violation of almost every principle of decency to which, in the 'new dispensation', lip-service is being rendered with more or less sincerity throughout the world.

Dr. Ernest Work, Professor of History in Muskingum College and a former adviser of the Ethiopian Government, has told the story of the old dispensation in excellent fashion. His writing is clear, partly at the expense of being somewhat repetitious; and his scholarship is not to be questioned. That he has not told the story of European intrigue in Ethiopia definitively is due to the simple fact that archives are not open to him with their revelations of the special interests whose activity is the dynamic of imperialism. One fears that he has made a bit of a sacrifice to present public curiosity about Ethiopia by the addition of the last chapter. His real story ends with the Franco-Anglo-Italian arrangement of 1906. To tell his readers in the last chapter what has taken place since the Ualual incident in December, 1934 (and here he adds nothing to the information of those given to newspaper-reading), he skips the whole period between 1906 and 1934. Vain are the wishes of those readers who turn to Dr. Work's book for an account of Haile Selassie's seizure of power, of the entry of Ethiopia into the League of Nations, of continued Italian and English intrigue, of the nature of the present government, etc. Just where Dr. Work could have been of greatest help by reason of his former position with the Ethiopian Government is where we get nothing at all.

The story is, then, that of Italy, England, and France in the two decades prior to 1906. The rôles of Germany and Russia were rela-

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tively small ones. It was Italy's ambition to control Ethiopia, which, with Eritrea and Italian Somaliland, would have made a sizable African Empire. The trick of putting the 1889 Uccialli Treaty in two languages, with the Italian text giving Italy greater control than the Amharic, is fully explained, and to Italy's discredit. When Italy tried in the early nineties to establish her dominance in Ethiopia, she had the full support of England and the hostility of France. French interest in this part of Africa arose from a desire to have a trans-African empire, running east and west. England, already established in Egypt and wishing to have her African possessions continuous north and south, could not tolerate the success of French ambitions; French control of the Sudan would have meant control of Nile waters and, consequently, of Egypt proper and would have ended all hope of completing the Cape-to-Cairo railway. Thus each country had a reason for blocking the other two rivals. . . . This disagreement led to the 1906 treaty, with its definition of respective spheres of influence. It may be regarded as a partial guarantee of Ethiopia's integrity. Dr. Work also thinks that due credit should be given the Ethiopians for their courage and intelligence.

The question now is: Can Italy because of the present European situation force England and France into an agreement that will give her what she sought in vain to get by trickery at Uccialli and by battle at Adowa?

—Harry R. Rudin

Leadership or Domination? *By Paul Pigors. With an Introduction by Richard C. Cabot. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1935. 354 pages. $3.00.*

THE BASIC psychological problem of all human societies is that of leadership. What are the principal characteristics of the leader? How and under what external conditions does he develop and function? Where is the line to be drawn between leadership, which implies group acquiescence, and domination, which involves the elements of compulsion and fear? What are the types of mass-reaction to personal authority, and how may the leader give, and his followers receive, the best fruits of this authority?

These are a few of the questions considered, and at least partially answered, in this scholarly volume. Dr. Pigors, who is an Assistant Professor of Sociology in the University of Rochester, has done an admirable job in the difficult field of psychological clarification and analysis. Drawing upon the rich material provided by anthropologists, literature, and the current political scene both in the United States and abroad, he has revealed many of the complicated mechanisms behind leadership as an individual expression and as a social fact. His book is a real contribution to the sociological literature of the day. It may be heartily commended to those who still value the psychological approach to the concrete realities and problems of this Age of Dictators.

The Soviet Union and World Problems. *Edited by Samuel N. Harper. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1935. 254 pages, with maps and graphs. $3.00.*

THE position of the Soviet Union with regard to the many complex and dangerous issues of world politics is not always easy to understand. But that this position is vitally important few will deny. In this small volume (consisting of the 1935 Harris Foundation Lectures) the reader will find a very temperate, well-informed, and helpful résumé of Soviet affairs, both internal and foreign. There are five special articles, each contributed by a competent authority: Ambassador Troyanovsky discusses the 'Basic Principles of Soviet Foreign Policy'; Ivan Boyeff, new Director of Amtorg, briefly recounts 'The Soviet State Monopoly of Foreign Trade'; the immense and varied geographic problems of Soviet Russia are ably discussed by Vladimir Romm (who provides two excellent, up-to-date maps); the question of nationalities is considered by Hans Kohn, a recognized authority on nationalism and dictatorship; and Malbone Graham, an American student of international relations, has written a well-balanced, exceptionally informative account of 'The Peace Policy of the Soviet Union'—with particular reference to non-aggression pacts, the League of Nations and the diplomatic set-up in general.

Altogether, a responsible and intelligent volume, whose value is greatly increased by the inclusion of several Appendices containing such texts as Litvinov's speech of acceptance of Soviet membership in the League of Nations, the non-aggression agreements with Finland and the much-discussed Franco-Soviet Treaty of Mutual Agreement, initialed in 1935 (but not yet ratified).

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WITH THE ORGANIZATIONS

WITH Congress debating a permanent neutrality policy for the United States and Senator Nye's Committee investigating the part that economic factors played in bringing the United States into the World War, it seems appropriate to devote this department this month to a survey of some of the American organizations for the promotion of peace. Their number is large, too large by far to permit more than an arbitrary selection of names here. And their points of view are almost as numerous as the organizations themselves, ranging as they do from advocacy of the strictest neutrality to a thoroughgoing interventionism. Indeed, the one generalization that it seems possible to make about peace is that there is no agreement on the means to assure it.

THOUGH it has been mentioned in this department before, we feel that in any list of American peace organizations, however incomplete, first place must be given to the American Peace Society (734 Jackson Place, Washington, D. C.). This is the oldest organization of the kind in the country. It was founded in 1828, and in the 108 years of its useful life it has been a consistent advocate of a congress of nations. It has also advocated since its foundation a permanent court of international justice.

Today it sees its program partially fulfilled in the League of Nations, but, paradoxically, it does not support America's entry into the League. Steering a middle course between isolation and the concept of the super-State, it believes that the United States ought never to place itself in the position of being obliged, even morally, to impose peace by force, whether economic or military. In the present circumstances of the world the American Peace Society finds reason to rejoice in the independence of the United States and its freedom from League ties. For it points out that if we were members of the League of Nations we should now be technically at war with Italy.

DIAMETRICALLY opposed to the aims of the American Peace Society is the League of Nations Association (8 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.), an organization of American men and women who are convinced that America should become a member of the League of Nations. The rallying point for the Association's political activities this year is the joint resolution for membership of the United States in the League of Nations which Senator James P. Pope of Idaho introduced in the Senate last May. The Association is interested also in a neutrality policy for the United States which, while minimizing the chances of our being involved in war, will at the same time permit the Government to coöperate with the League of Nations in its efforts to maintain peace. The Association believes that the economic causes of war should be prevented by positive steps for the improvement of world economic conditions and a better distribution of raw materials.

AN ORGANIZATION of still another sort is the World Peace Foundation (40 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.). This was founded in 1910 by Edwin Ginn, the educational publisher, for the purpose 'of educating the people of all nations to a full knowledge of the waste and destructiveness of war, its evil effects on present social conditions and on the well-being of future generations, and to promote international justice and the brotherhood of man.' The World Peace Foundation has no plan of its own for assuring peace, but operates rather in the belief that the actual facts about international relations and international coöperation constitute

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the best possible arguments for lasting peace and improved international understanding. Its function is therefore an educational one, and it concentrates upon the task of making the facts of international relations available in clear and undistorted form. To this end it publishes World Affairs Pamphlets to the number of eight a year, and World Peace Foundation books at irregular intervals. Of the latter the most recent is *America Must Act*, by Francis Bowes Sayre, Assistant Secretary of State.

AN ORGANIZATION of manifold activities in all parts of the world is the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. The Endowment was established by Andrew Carnegie in 1910 to 'advance the cause of peace among nations; to hasten the renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy; to encourage and promote methods for the peaceful settlement of international differences and for the increase of international understanding and concord; and to aid in the development of international law and the acceptance by all nations of the principles underlying such law.'

To carry out the purposes of its founder, the Endowment publishes pamphlets and books, maintains a library in Washington, and supports a division of education and intercourse and a division of international law. The division of education and intercourse arranges for and pays the expenses of exchange professors to and from American universities, sends lecturers throughout the United States, and carries on numerous other activities; while the division of international law is engaged in publishing the classics of international law, and is studying its development in modern times. The Endowment also publishes a monthly journal, entitled *International Conciliation*, of which the January issue consists of a study of neutrality legislation, and contains an introduction by Professor James T. Shotwell of Columbia University.

THE National Committee on the Cause and Cure of War is an organization of women devoted to the promotion of peace sentiment and the education of women to work together effectively toward the common end of peace. Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt is the honorary chairman of the Executive Committee. This year's conference met last month in Washington to consider the topic of 'Roads to Peace.' Among the speakers were Mrs. August Belmont, Dr. James T. Shotwell and Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt.

A NATION-WIDE poll on questions of war and peace has just been concluded by the Council for Social Action, a department of the Congregational and Christian Churches of America. Ballots were cast by approximately 200,000 men and women from 2,500 churches, making this perhaps the most extensive peace poll yet conducted in the United States. Only 6 per cent of the voters expressed a willingness to support 'any war that the United States Government may declare,' while 15 per cent declined to support any war whatever, and an additional 33 per cent would support war 'only after United States' territory had been invaded.'

In the votes on certain peace policies 57 per cent opposed any further increases in our army, navy, and air forces; 60 per cent favored strict neutrality legislation, 64 per cent favored abolition of compulsory military training in the schools, and 90 per cent favored Government control of the munitions industry.

This poll, the full report of which is published in the December issue of the Council's magazine, *Social Action*, shows marked differences in the votes of men and women, old and young, agricultural and industrial groups, and eastern and western states.

Following out the mandate of the poll, the Council, through its director, Hubert C. Herring, is working for neutrality legislation which will include not only munitions but raw materials and loans.

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THE GUIDE POST
(Continued)

CHANG TZU-PING, author of *The Egoist*, is one of the most popular living short-story writers in China. He has made a name for himself by writing countless love-stories, and his novels are much liked by schoolboys and sentimental young girls. *The Egoist*, however, is not a love-story but an autobiography, and it reveals with great frankness the home life of a Chinese professor. [p. 516]

WE HAVE heard a good deal in recent years about the remarkable stability of the Scandinavian governments, and very little indeed about the Fascist movements there. Professor Irving Fisher has pointed with pride to Sweden's controlled currency; the coöperative societies have maintained that in Scandinavia coöperation is driving out individualism; and democrats have used the three northern nations to illustrate the point that even in small countries political democracy can survive great crises if given a fair chance. But can it? Walter Held, a German émigré, raises, and answers, that question. [p. 527]

THE Japanese are so clever at the game of diplomatic subterfuge and so ingenious at inventing excuses to cover their every move that one wonders at times what sort of men they are who design and carry out the Japanese ruses. Two French journalists, René Lavigne and Edouard Ciprut, draw back the curtains and reveal just such a man, Colonel Kenji Doihara, Commander-in-chief of the Japanese forces in Asia. The part that Doihara played in the conquest of Manchuria, and how he played it, it is their task to reveal. [p. 501]

OUR other 'Person' this month is by Harold Laski. Mr. Laski pays high tribute to Thomas G. Masaryk, the recently retired President of the Czechoslovak Republic. In Masaryk's hands, Mr. Laski says, 'Czechoslovakia . . . has become not merely a state; it has become, also, a great moral idea . . . From any angle, it is a supreme achievement.' [p. 506]

OF THE books reviewed in 'Books Abroad,' H. A. L. Fisher's *History of Europe* is being published in America by Houghton Mifflin Company, and Harry Graf Kessler's *Gesichter und Zeiten* by Little, Brown and Company.

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